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NEW YEAR PROSPECTS.

WHEN we look forward to the subjects which are likely to occupy public attention during the present year, there can be no difficulty in assigning the first rank to India. The recent news is good, and inspires hopefulness. A large British army, against which nothing is likely to make a stand, is assembled in the country, and has already relieved Lucknow under most disadvantageous circumstances. There can be no reason to doubt that we shall hear presently of active operations in every direction throughout Oude. The first result will be the supremacy of a military system, preparatory to future changes, and a judicial inquiry into the causes of the insurrection. This preliminary state of things will be the first to require public attention and sympathy. While the triumph of our arms is fresh, and the memory of the past recent, our first duty is to assert our power and to vindicate justice. We have no pretence to be in India at all as governors, except on the ground of our moral and physical superiority, and hence the occasion must be taken to make an effective display of these. Any wholesale or reckless cruelty on our part, would in the long run damage us with the natives, and would at the time deteriorate those who practised it. Whatever we do, must be done soberly, judicially, and accurately, and carry a moral lesson with it. Of course, there will have to be much severe punishment. Armed rebels will be treated in the regular military fashion; murderers of all stamps must be hunted out and executed. Friends and allies, meanwhile, should be cordially welcomed and rewarded. We should not be too hasty in proclaiming amnesies which would be interpreted as a sign of weakness, and would encourage villainous uprisings at future times. Fear enters into all respect, as an element; and in the cases of such creatures as the miscreants of Delhi and Cawnpore, on what ground do you expect to control them if fear be taken away? There is no use shutting our eyes to the ugly features of the work before us; we have had a sharp lesson, and we must profit by it.

There is luckily an instinct in the British people, which protects them against the morbid reflection of professional philanthropists, and we rely on this to support our countrymen in India in the duties now before them. While these duties are being performed, the country will be very busy with the task of organising the new Indian Government. It is now regularly announced that the Crown is formally to be declared the governing power. The principle of this is already affirmed in the existing system, which, however, works so clumsily that a disgraceful pot-and-kettle controversy is even now going on between the friends of the Company, and the friends of the Board of Control, as to which is responsible for some of the most important strokes of recent policy! The condemnation of the "double government" is written in that fact alone: it is a complicated system, and it is also a slow system. That under it very able men have worked well, is undeniably true, and it is a matter of pride to all Englishmen that a crisis like that of last year was met as it was. But we can hardly yet be expected to forget that such a crisis was produced under this much-bragged-of government by Company *plus* Control. This is quite a separate thing from the spirited behaviour of individuals. There is not a great fire in London which does not produce cases of remarkable heroism in persons from whom you had had no previous exhibition of such qualities; still we cannot afford to burn down houses in order to show the merit of fire brigade men and top-floor lodgers! When a petted army rises,

and commits brutal murders, and takes its government by surprise, that government is *inso facto* condemned. A captain is held responsible for the discipline of his ship, and so must an administration be for the conduct of its subject.

Reflections like these will incline people to think that our Indian system must want vast improvements. Now, the Crown's supremacy will, at all events, bring the country's vigour to bear more directly on India. It will simplify the administration; it will make Indian Government more a matter of national interest and concern than hitherto, and will promote the settlement of British in our Indian dominions; nor need it involve the loss of anything that is good in the traditions and usages of the Company. A special Indian service is as surely within the resources of the Crown as the creation of that

Indian administration, and for years we must expect to have to keep up a large European force in the country till we have succeeded in meeting them. This is a matter which will complicate our economical and political questions at home, in what may yet prove a very serious manner.

Notwithstanding, however, the depth and range of Indian questions, we have not much doubt that the new year will witness a great deal of brisk discussion on Parliamentary Reform. It is, at least, very questionable whether a measure will pass this year on the subject. But here, again, the subject is at once so wide and so complex that it is difficult to say what amount of discussion would be too much for it. The latest suggestion—the plan, that is, for an educational suffrage of a peculiar kind—is not one to which we can subscribe. We insist

on the educational element in the suffrage, and do most earnestly desire to see that element more potent in public affairs; but we do not like this particular scheme for making it so. That scheme is, to give the "educated" a member, and to isolate electors of that description from average electors. The sheep are to be separated from the goats. You walk to one polling booth as an educated man, your neighbour to the other as a non-educated one. Surely the old fable of the "Belly and the Members" might be advantageously brought in here. The plan would separate the belly from the brain; it would create an inviolable distinction between classes. But would your "educated" classes be quite sure to bring in the best man, and not only the most respectable and orthodox kind of man? Would they have brought in Mirabeau against a quiet cultivated person; or would they not rather do with active genius as academics do with literary and artistic genius—prefer the conventional and proper to the original and daring kind? For our own parts we think such constituencies *would*, and that a better principle is to include the educational element largely into the common one, which it is its business to influence. At present the suffrage is far too exclusively in the hands of the shopkeepers; it must be widened, and widened harmoniously—preserving, we mean, due proportions between interests and classes, and in such a way that they shall not be any more antagonistic to each other than can be helped.

Another topic which will fill a prominent place in the year, is the marriage of the Princess Royal. This event will be a kind of political holiday, and need not excite a y feeblings more serious than those which properly connect themselves with the happiness of her Majesty and her family. An attempt to make it a cause of political alarm fell quite dead years some ago; it is in every way a natural and proper alliance; nor is this an age in which, if it were otherwise, political danger could ever be one of its consequences.

We have now, it seems, seen the last of the recent panic, and may without absurdity hope better financial fortune for the new year. It is about this special point that the worst associations of the time gather themselves; for undoubtedly there is much suffering just now among our population, and the measures most likely to occupy 1858 are but very indirectly connected with the comfort of the working classes. We trust that there will still be time and energy for some good, though they should be but small, social reforms. We can conquer India; we can protect ourselves from the Continent; we can extend our basis of freedom wider than any other nation dare to do; it remains to show that we can grapple with the difficulties of an immense population, and make our country as happy as it is great.



"THE BUTCHER OF CAWNPORE," NENA SAHIB'S CHIEF EXECUTIONER.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN INDIA BY MRS. ARCHER.)

army which, with its Havelocks and Campbells, has secured, and is securing, India to the country. Besides, the opportunity must be taken of improving the whole system; the recent competitive principle must be freely applied (as the Company was going—rather late—to apply it) in lieu of the old system of commerce-oligarchical patronage tempered by a smattering of Sanscrit. The mode of governing through "Governors-General" must be re-considered; it having been too long the way to send out mere politicians entirely new to India, to leave them dependent on their Council for knowledge, and to recall them (that another man may get his turn at the salary) just as they are beginning to learn their business. There are a score of such difficulties to meet in establishing anything like an improved

"THE BUTCHER OF CAWNPORE."

This is not Nera Schib—the incarnation of the revolt—arch-butcher though he be. This is the piecemeal version of the absolute butcher—the real executioner; the chief of the wretches who were selected to slaughter the victims of the massacre of Cawnpore. It is well that the world should look upon the portrait of the man of blood, even as we still keep in our memory the fact that there was once an inflexible villain called Judas Iscariot. Yet it is difficult to realise the whole and truth, or to think that this is indeed the *vera effigies* of the incarnate devil whose murderous sword slew the matrons, and the maidens, and the children of England. It is difficult to believe that the ruffian could ever have been a child himself; that he could ever have hung at his mother's breast; that he could have been suckled by aught else but a tigress or a she-wolf. Was he bred in a shamble? was he fed on raw meat? who taught him to spill blood? who gave him an appetite for slaughter? None may know, for long ere these lines are written, the halter or the gun has made an end of the "Butcher of Cawnpore." The intolerable brute has the true Asiatic cast of countenance—the slow, cruel, sluggish, cunning, sensuous, devilish face, that leers upon us sometimes even in this country from beneath the turban of a Lascar beggar, sweeping a crossing or selling tracts, and that horrifies us in a reminiscence of Delhi and Cawnpore. "Butcher of Cawnpore," thy occupation is gone! The gallows has cracked, or the powder has burned for thee. Thy rasal blood bedews the hot Indian soil, and the tongues of the dogs are red through the same.

The portrait we have engraved was taken on the spot by a lady, named Archer, who was herself at Cawnpore, and, though she happily escaped massacre, was a great sufferer by the mutiny. Fifty copies of the photograph taken by her have been sent to England, to be sold for her benefit. Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, of Hatton Garden, have the disposal of them. The price is one guinea each.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE

THE Emperor recently presided at a Council of State which declared against the system of obligatory agricultural insurance.

The Senate has been convoked for the 18th of January. Marshal Pelissier will act as Vice-President.

It is said in Paris that a compromise in the questions of the East has been effected between France and England; that France is to give up the cause of the union and independence of Wallachia and Moldavia, while England, in return, is to withdraw her opposition to the Suez Canal scheme.

The application of Ferukh Khan for French officers to undertake the military instruction of the Persian army has been acceded to. A colonel of Engineers, three officers of Artillery, and three of Infantry, with a dozen sub-officers, are to leave almost immediately for Teheran.

The "Courrier de Paris," which recently undertook to show that the Empire and liberty are perfectly consistent, has received an intimation that its opinions are not acceptable at head-quarters; and it has therefore relapsed into silence.

SPAIN.

THE "Débats" says that the Carlist party is actively intriguing to procure the abdication of Queen Isabella. "This party have a plan for marrying the Infanta to the eldest grandson of Don Carlos, whom they would have declared king, getting the regency into their own hands. This scheme for a fusion is completely frustrated by the birth of a Prince of the Asturias; but the party, nothing daunted, have now adopted a new set of tactics. They care nothing in reality about the principle of legitimacy, which they use as a stalking-horse, and would be well content to accept Alfonso, Prince of the Asturias, as King, if they could secure the custody of his person, and the direction of public affairs during his long minority." This intrigue, the "Débats" asserts, is so serious, that the Ministers are narrowly watching the progress of it.

An English tribunal at Sierra Leone declared in November last that a Spanish vessel, the *Conchita*, which had been captured on suspicion of being engaged in the slave trade, was a lawful prize. The "Espana" expresses the opinion that in such affairs the English are actuated more by commercial rivalry than by horror of the slave trade, and that the Spanish Cabinet cannot be indifferent to this seizure.

AUSTRIA.

THE Vienna journals state that the Emperor of Austria intends next spring to visit in detail all the ports of the Adriatic. This excursion will be made, they say, in the screw steam yacht recently launched for him at Blackwall, and to which the name of *Fantasia* has been given. Her draught of water is so light that she will be able to enter all the rivers and creeks. She is to be completely finished and sent to Trieste by the end of February next.

The "Bourse Gazette" of Vienna says—"Our intimation at Constantinople has received orders, as is already known, to give the most cordial support to M. de Lesseps on the subject of the Suez canal." If this statement has any foundation in fact, it puts a new complexion on the affair, as far as Austria is concerned.

Vienna is to be enlarged, and united with the faubourgs by suitable communications. For this object the Emperor authorises the demolition of the interior fortifications, and the filling up of the ditches that surround them. The ground left disposable by the destruction of the ramparts is to be applied to building purposes, except such parts as may be required for new streets or other intended improvements.

PRUSSIA.

THE rumour that the King of Prussia will go to Italy has again revived, though it is known his Majesty is unwilling to leave his own territory. But the Empress Dowager of Russia is expected at Berlin in February on her way thither; and it is thought that she may prevail on the King, her brother, to accompany her, as his medical attendants are anxious he should do.

RUSSIA.

ADVICES from St. Petersburg announce that Russia has adopted and will immediately carry out a new system of coast defences in the Baltic. All the smaller isolated forts are to be destroyed, and those that remain will be enlarged into fortresses of the first order.

Accounts from the Caucasus (says a St. Petersburg letter of the 15th) state that the concentration of the inhabitants of the Black Mountains determined General Eudokimow to undertake an expedition against them. On the 31st of October he commenced his march with a column of ten battalions of infantry, 1,700 mounted Cossacks, 500 militia, and twenty-six pieces of cannon. He attacked a considerable village, and burnt it down in spite of vigorous resistance on the part of the mountaineers. The Russians had twenty-nine killed and seventy-nine wounded. On the 2nd of November, seven villages were burnt. During the night the mountaineers received considerable reinforcements. On the 3rd General Kemper attacked the tribe of the Tche-nager, drove them from their positions and burnt fourteen villages. On the 5th, 6th, and 7th, the Russians were occupied in cutting a broad road through a forest, which they effected without any molestation. On the 8th, Gen. Eudokimow recommenced the destruction of the villages around, and after several combats on that and the following day, retired without being pursued.

ITALY.

THE most important news from Italy is still in reference to the recent earthquake, which is touched upon at length in another column.

Letters from Milan mention an attempt to assassinate Count Brembati, and state that the crime appeared to be again coming into vogue. These letters ascribe the fact to England having disbanded and sent home the Anglo-Italian Legion, which, they say, should have been sent to India.

Queen Christina of Spain arrived at Rome on the 21st ult.

The perpetrators of the late highway robbery committed on British subjects travelling between Civita Vecchia and Rome have been discovered. They are Neapolitans of the province of Aquila, employed on the railway. They are nine in number.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

REPSCHID PASCHA and M. de Thouvenel are said to be now quite reconciled. They were to meet at the "festive board" on the 19th ult., for the first time since their great feud was opened.

M. de Lesseps has been very well received at Constantinople.

A note addressed by M. de Boutenoff to the Porte, declares that the occupation of the island of Iyrm by the English is contrary to the maintenance of the integrity of the Turkish territory.

The commission appointed to examine the consolidation of the home debt is engaged in devising measures to lessen the effects of the financial crisis.

AMERICA.

A CONTINUED improvement in money matters is reported; and the New York, Albany, Boston, and Newhaven banks have resumed specie payments.

The "New York Times" says:—"It is now understood in Washington that the object of Sir William Gore Ouseley's mission will not be officially communicated to Government until the opinion of her Majesty's Government regarding that portion of the President's Message relative to Central American affairs can be ascertained."

The attitude of the Mormons is peculiarly hostile and threatening. Brigham Young, in a series of discourses delivered before large audiences of the saints in Salt Lake City, has distinctly avowed his determination to destroy provisions and forage, and lay the territory waste, rather than permit the entrance of the troops. The faint-hearted among the Mormons are warned to leave, under penalty of death if they attempt to thwart the ends of the leaders. Brigham's programme appears to be indorsed to the fullest extent by Heber Kimball, John Taylor, and others among the prominent men in Utah.

Walker has succeeded in effecting a landing at Punta Arenas, opposite Greytown. The story is that he tried to enter the Colorado mouth of the San Juan, but not succeeding, returned to the northern mouth of the river, passed under the stern of the *Saratoga* (American) sloop of war then lying in the harbour, "outwitted" the commander of that vessel, and before any suspicion was entertained as to the character of the *Fashion* or the company she had on board, landed his men, 150 in number. After accomplishing this feat, the *Fashion*, it would seem, was suffered to steam out of the harbour with as little interruption from the *Saratoga* as she had met with in steaming in. She proceeded to Aspinwall, where, when last heard of, she was taking in coal. It is further stated that Commodore Paulding, of the U.S. frigate *Wabash*, lying at Aspinwall, overhauled the *Fashion*, but finding her papers regular, did not seize her. The *Wabash*, however, as well as two British vessels, had sailed for Greytown.

Walker, it is stated, before proceeding to Punta Arenas, left fifty men at the Colorado mouth of the San Juan, for the purpose, it is supposed, of proceeding up that river and getting possession of the posts held by the Costa Ricans. There does not appear to be any foundation for the surmise that Walker has entered on this enterprise in secret understanding with the authorities of Nicaragua in consequence of the quarrel they have got into with Costa Rica about the transit route.

A despatch from New Orleans, of the 14th of December, says:—"The steamboat *Colonel Edwards* was burnt at Red River on Saturday morning. The boat is a total loss, together with her cargo of 1,000 bales of cotton and many cattle. From fifteen to twenty persons also perished in her."

MEXICO.

AN attempt was made at Tampico on the 15th ultimo to assassinate General Moreno and several other officers and authorities of the city while assembled at a banquet. The attempt, however, failed, and the leader of the assassins was killed.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT NAPLES.

THERE are fuller accounts of the earthquake which is said, with pardonable exaggeration, to have "threatened the destruction of Naples" on the night of Wednesday the 16th ult. It was a lovely starlight night, the atmosphere profound and tranquil. Vesuvius was smoking placidly, though until two days before it had been very active, occasionally throwing up a jet like a "bouquet" of artificial fireworks. Suddenly, it would seem, without any forewarning sounds, every house in the city and country was shaken from its roof to its foundations. A writer in the "Daily News" says:—"The table began to shake violently, the lamp to rock, and the bells of the house to ring as if they had been pulled by a strong hand. The walls of my room, too, visibly waved backwards and forwards, and creaked as might a boat straining heavily at sea. There could be no doubt as to the cause of these awful phenomena, and I rushed out of my house. There had already been two shocks up to this time, then came a third so strong that I thought that the house would have fallen and buried me in its ruins. Some women were seated on the ground, and in nearly a fainting state, leaning against the wall, to whose movements they yielded, rocked backwards and forwards, as in a cradle. By this time people were escaping rapidly into the streets, and making inquiries as to each other's experience. Everyone came to look at Vesuvius, but the mountain gave little comfort; it threw out but little fire, and seemed sulky and gloomy. They were full of anxious, trembling persons, some half-dressed, some in their shirts, some wrapped up in sheets or blankets, and some in the gay dresses in which they had escaped from the drawing room or the theatre. All the piazzas were full of carriages, which were occupied by families who had abandoned their houses. At every hundred steps fires were lighted, round which were broucaded from fifty to a hundred persons of all ranks. A painter might have found wonderful studies if he had been so inclined, but, alas! other thoughts were uppermost. Leaving the Riviera di Chiaia, I went into the city, and found there the same state of excitement to exist. The palace yard, the Largo Castello, and other open places, were full of carriages, in which their inmates were reposing for the night. Hundreds of persons were crowded on the steps of the churches, and later in the night the images of the saints were carried in procession, whilst the people sang litanies. As the houses were in many instances left vacant, the refuse of the population, who are always ready in times of anxiety to profit by the fears of the more timid, began to create confusion in order to rob. Republican cries were raised of "Viva i Torinesi!" and many houses were entered. Strong patrols, therefore, of the police and gendarmes and military paraded the streets, and much praise is due to the authorities for maintaining order. Most of the population passed the night in the streets, and the next day brought with it the same wonderful summer-like weather that we have had for the last two or three months. On walking through the Toledo, crowds were assembled looking at the figures that had been made in some of the lofty houses. The monastery of the Jesuits gave similar indications of the terrors of the preceding night, and I was told that the great bell had been rung by the shock."

A private letter gives a vivid idea of the picture, while protesting against the power to describe it—"Whatever accounts you may read of the state of this city at the time of the shock, it will fall short of the reality. Women were seen carrying their children—men helping some old father or mother, or some sick person wrapped up in the first covering available. Women screaming, tearing their hair, praying and calling on their patron saint and the Madonna Immacolata, all passing frantically in densely-crowded streets."

On the night following Thursday, the population, imagining that a repetition of the shocks might be expected about the same hour, crowded again into the squares and open spaces, where they passed part of the night.

The official journal supplies a few particulars from the provinces, but undoubtedly softens the worst. "It appears that the telegraphic wire has been broken between Eboli and Sala. News, however, has been received from the latter place, where the walls of the prison and barracks have been cracked; three persons were killed. At Atessa, a town near Sala, half the houses are reduced to ruins. In Padula, another town in that district, more than one hundred houses have been thrown down, with an unknown number of persons buried under them. In La Polla, another town of that neighbourhood, the disasters have been enormous and the victims numerous, but are contained; among them, however, is included a brigade of gendarmes. In Auletta, Petrosia, and Caggiano, ruin and death have occurred to an unknown extent. In Salerno, many buildings, including two churches, the Intendants' palace, and the barracks of the gendarmes, are gravely damaged. Near Salerno, a church and belfry have fallen, killing two inmates. In Campagna, numerous houses are cracked, including that of the superintendent."

In the Basilicata at Potenza, the disasters have been extensive. Numerous buildings have been thrown down, burying unknown numbers beneath their ruins. A broken telegraphic despatch from Bari and Campo Basso has excited great alarm, as it would appear to signify that all the inhabitants of one of these places have been destroyed."

If this is not actually the case, the reality hardly falls short of it. Later intelligence informs us that all the houses in Potenza, with the cathedral and courts of law, were brought to the ground; twelve villages are almost annihilated; and at Polia two thousand dead had been recovered!

From various accounts, it would appear that no fewer than three thousand lives have been destroyed altogether. Shocks were again experienced at Naples on the 19th and 20th ult., but they passed away without damage.

THE INDIAN REVOLT.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

OUR readers are already aware that Grant's column crossed the Ganges from Cawnpore late in October, and was known to have reached Bunnee Bridge, near Lucknow. The force brought together under Brigadier Grant originally numbered 2,760 men, natives and Europeans—i. e., artillery, 820; cavalry, 400; engineers, sappers, and miners, 190; infantry, 1,550. But the Brigadier was afterwards reinforced from Cawnpore with 700 men, making his total force 3,460 men. He had besides twenty guns.

Colonel Leith Hay, of her Majesty's 92nd Highlanders, left Cawnpore on the evening of November 5th with 750 men and four 24-pounders (additional) to join Brigadier Grant, and on the morning of the 9th detachments from the 93rd, 53rd, 84th, 5th, and other regiments proceeded in the same direction.

"It was a glorious sight," says an officer, "to witness the troops under Grant marching proudly along, one solid mass of stalwart fellows, of robust and vigorous frames, but active and energetic—under thorough discipline, and every man having an air of firm determination. The natives gaze at the Highlanders with astonishment and dread, and style them (with reference to their garb) 'the ghosts of the murdered English—women risen to avenge!' The Delhi column looked as if they had had hard fighting and great exposure, but the men were in capital spirits. The 8th and 75th were in mouse-coloured dresses, which looked odd at first, but unquestionably was a capital colour to fight in, as it is so difficult to perceive it at a distance. The Sikhs were dressed in the same way. Two of our guns were drawn by elephants, which somewhat astonished the Royals, and would rather create a sensation at Woolwich."

On the road to Bunnee Bridge the column met with no opposition. The enemy hovered around, and on the 3rd of November, expecting the troops to march, as they always did, at three or four in the morning, they filled a village on the road with infantry, intending, it is supposed, to allow our columns to pass, and then to attack and to plunder the baggage. As luck would have it, an order came which caused the troops to break up camp and march at daylight, so the enemy was disappointed; and instead of plundering suffered. Sixteen villages were burnt round the camp on this occasion. The conduct of the rebels was despicable as far as courage went. Never were large bodies of men seen to fly so rapidly as those which attempted to oppose our men on the 3rd, and had it not been for the high cover afforded by the corn and sugar-cane fields, hundreds would have fallen beneath the swords of the cavalry. On the 5th the village of Nawabgunge was occupied, and the camp pitched on a level plain, where the enemy, strong, appeared in a threatening attitude. They were attacked, routed, and dispersed. Another party from the Jellalabad fort, south-east of Alumbagh, approaching shortly after, met with the same fate; losing about 100 men and a gun they had with them. The best accounts had been received from Alumbagh, as well as from the troops under General Outram beleaguered in the Residency and Muechee Bawun. The former place was surrounded by upwards of 12,000 men well provided with guns, from which they kept up a constant fire, distinctly heard from Nawabgunge. One immense piece of ordnance, called Lucknow, alone seems to have distressed the garrison. At Alumbagh, the enemy was never stationary, one rajah relieving the other at intervals, and each taking up a different position.

On the 9th of November, Sir Colin Campbell, taking with him a detachment of the 9th Lancers and Punjab Irregulars, the Naval Brigade with six 24-pounders, two howitzers, and four large mortars, crossed the Ganges, and proceeded rapidly to Nawabgunge, where he arrived on the 10th. The columns moved up one mile nearer to Lucknow, throwing out a main picket to within three miles of Alumbagh. Sir Colin was now able to dispose of 6,000 men, eleven heavy guns, two 18-pounders, eighteen field-pieces, and several mortars. He commenced operations on the 10th by clearing Alumbagh; and the day closed with the capture of two guns and the reduction of the square fort of Jellalabad, which was subsequently blown up. The capture of other places between Alumbagh and the Residency will be made clear by a slight sketch of the ground on which Lucknow lies. "Alumbagh stands south of Lucknow about three miles. A direct road runs due north, crosses the canal at right angles in a point called the Chahargah Bridge, and diverging slightly to the westward, cuts through the heart of the city, and stops at the Residency. The canal, which runs nearly east and west, falls into the Goomtee at a point north of the Martinière school. The Muechee Bawun and Residency about on the river, which flows almost due east and parallel to the canal; but at some distance the course of the stream alters and winds south, joining the canal above the Martinière school. Thus Lucknow, the Muechee Bawun, the Residency, and other buildings, are enclosed north, south, and east by a barrier of waters, which bathe an area forming almost a rectangle. Near the junction of the canal and Goomtee, and consequently near the Martinière, several bridges are built on the canals, that which is nearest the river leading to a group of buildings called the Mahals. These Mahals are the residence of Wajid Ali's 300 wives, and are an extensive structure built of bricks, affording excellent covering positions to infantry, but incapable of resistance to artillery. Near them are Sekunderbagh, the barracks, and mess-house. Troops occupying the Mahals and other buildings just named, are under fire south-eastward from the Residency. Artillery placed on the canal in front of the Martinière could fire on them in a north-westerly direction. It is, then, obvious that by an advance of our troops from the southward or Martinière direction the occupants of the Mahals would be under a double fire. At no great distance in rear south of Martinière is Dikhoosha, literally, Heart's Delight, a palace of brick, composed of two rectangular blocks of buildings, forming half a square."

This much being premised, Sir Colin's operations remain to be narrated. Having reduced Jellalabad and cleared the ground about Alumbagh up to the canal, he moved eastward on the 15th, and occupied the Dikhoosha and Martinière after a running fight of two hours. By noon he held those points in strength. At three in the afternoon the enemy advanced to attack him there. They were repulsed heavily. On the 16th the Commander-in-Chief advanced straight across the canal, and occupied Sekunderbagh after a severe struggle, in which the enemy suffered enormously. This position having been occupied, a place called the Samuch, near the Mahals, was attacked with heavy artillery, and battered for three hours. At dusk it was stormed and carried, after one of the severest fights ever witnessed. Early on the 17th a communication was opened with the Residency to the left rear of the canal, i. e., west of the Residency. A vigorous cannonade was at the same time kept up on the mess-house, and at three o'clock in the afternoon that very strong position was carried by storm, the troops pushing rapidly on to seize the Motee Mahal (largest of the palaces), which they did before dark. These important operations had the effect of opening communications to the Residency, and in the dusk of evening, on the bloody and hard-won field, Sir James Outram, Sir Henry Havelock, and Sir Colin Campbell met. The latter had been slightly wounded during the day, but had not been incapacitated from duty. On the 20th, the garrison, which had so long held the Residency, was removed, the women and wounded being taken to the rear. On the 21st, operations for the reduction of the western part of the city were resumed, and a severe action ensued, of which we have not the particulars. The 93rd and Naval Brigade are described as having suffered much loss; but our casualties, considering the time expended in this capital operation, seem not to have been more than usually severe. The women, children, and wounded, were escorted safely to Cawnpore, where those hitherto confined in Alumbagh had already arrived.

At Cawnpore troops continued to arrive more rapidly, it is pleasing to be able to report, than they had done hitherto. Once master of Lucknow, Sir Colin Campbell will, it is said, pause for reinforcements; and as 3,500 men were reviewed at Calcutta on the 23rd of Nov., those reinforcements cannot be long wanting. Cavalry alone will be the arm in which our weakness will be shown. The 1st Dragoons, unable to obtain horses at Calcutta, were sent away on that account to Madras; and it is painful to think that after months of warning of English cavalry arrivals, no arrangements should have been made for remounts. The city of Lucknow will be held in check by a strong movable column, with field and heavy artillery, occupying a good military position outside the town.

The capture of Lucknow will not, it is needless to say, produce the sub-

mission of Oude. The rebels have placed a boy on the throne, and keep him in state at Fyzabad—a city of 100,000 inhabitants, defended by a large fort with a wall, a ditch, and round towers (stately repaired), and a few entrenchments. Here the last great stand may be expected, and the dynasty of Oude must finally perish.

THE GWALIOR MUTINEERS.

While these scenes were enacting at the capital of Oude, the garrison of Cawnpore was not altogether without its own anxieties, arising from the movements of the Gwalior mutineers. These men, formidable from their numbers, their discipline, and their powerful field and siege artillery, were supposed to be at Calpee on the Jumna, bound for Oude. It now appears that in the earlier days of November they crossed the river into the Doab, and on the 15th were within thirty-five miles of Cawnpore. This distance they afterwards, as we hear, reduced to fifteen, and General Windham, commanding at Cawnpore, is stated to have even left the station to give them battle. But with that irresolution and want of purpose that has marked all their proceedings even as compared with those of other mutineers, they suddenly turned back to the Jumna, recrossed it, and again encamped at Calpee. What they now intend to do we cannot divine. Strength they have in abundance. The majority of the Dinapore mutineers from Banda are said to have joined them. Nena Sahib is still urging them to more active measures.

AGRA—DELHI.

Ascending the Doab, we find the garrison of Agra recalling its little force from Muttra, and strengthening with it, under the command of Colonel Riddell, its other outlying party under Major Eld, at Alleghur. This was rendered advisable by an appearance of renewed vitality among the ill-affected near Bolundshahr and by the attitude of some of the Rohiluck mutineers, who were threatening to cross the Ganges. These last Major Eld, moving up on his side of the river, shelled away from their position, and then crossing under fire of his guns captured and brought back the boats which they had collected. On his march to this point from Alleghur his force was everywhere received by the harassed villagers with demonstrations of delight.

From Delhi the latest news tell of the proceedings of the military commission appointed to try the leaders of the mutiny. By sentence of this tribunal twenty-four inferior members of the Royal Family were executed on the 18th of November, and on the following day a notable offender, Hakim Abdul Huk, an insurgent chief of Gurgaon, captured by Showers's column, met the fate due to his active animosity. There still remained for trial two other of Colonel Showers's captives—the Nawabs of Jhujur and of Bahalpur; also the King himself, and at least one member of his house, one Jumna Bukht. The consideration shown to the last-named person has been much commented on. It is said that he is to be spared on account of his alleged tender years, but that in reality he is 18. They say that he has ridden about Delhi on an elephant, with an English officer behind him. With regard to the springing the young Prince's life, one can only say that if he is really 18, it would be absurd to pardon him merely on account of supposed youthful incompetency. No Indian is a boy at 18. But we perhaps do not yet know the whole of the story.

Colonel Showers's column, above alluded to, returned to Delhi on the 9th of November, having in the course of its circling march occupied four considerable forts, burnt many villages, and taken about seventy guns and eight lacs of rupees, with much ammunition and many horses. Three days later, upon receipt of news from Rewaree, another column was formed under Colonel Gerrard, of the 14th Native Infantry, for service in that direction. It consisted of the 1st Fusiliers and Sikh Infantry, with some of the Carbineers and Guides and Artillery, joined by parties of Irregular Cashmians, Mooltanese, and others. Colonel Gerrard marched to Rewaree and then upon the town of Narnol, in Jhujur, where a rebel chief, Sunnud Khan, a relative of the captured Nawab, had taken post with a number of armed men, and, strange to say, the Joudpore legion. What induced this latter body of mutineers to come all this way from Awa, in Rajpootana, is a puzzle. Could they have thought it is quite possible they did—that Delhi was still untenable? However that may be, here they were attacked and beaten. A charge of the cavalry drove them back into a fortified serai in the town, which the infantry then carried. One officer only fell, but he was the commander, Colonel Gerrard. Sunnud Khan was also among the slain. The column, when last heard of, was still at Narnol.

CENTRAL INDIA.

On the 21st of November, the Mundesore rebels, who had besieged Nermuch for a fortnight, attempted to take the place by escalade. They were repulsed with heavy loss, and immediately raised the siege. Our loss during the fortnight was two officers slightly wounded and four sepoy wounded. The 12th Bombay Native Infantry, which formed the principal part of the garrison, is reported to have behaved very nobly.

The attempt of the rebels at Nermuch, by escalade, was probably urged by the knowledge that the Mhow column, now known as the Nerbudda Field Force, under Brigadier Stuart, was approaching their own headquarters. On the same day, the 21st of November, it encamped near Mundesore, and was attacked by the insurgents there, whom it defeated and drove off. On the 22nd and 23rd, there was fighting in various positions taken up by our troops about Mundesore, and the end was that the enemy evacuated the place and fled. Our loss is said to be not heavy, considering the work done.

MADRAS.

From Madras there is news of two little affairs in which rebels played a part. At daylight on the 7th of November the wealthy town of Juggahpet, situate within a short distance of the Nizam's frontier, on the high road between Masulipatam and Hyderabad, was suddenly attacked by a band of Rohillas, numbering upwards of 500 armed men. A guard of the 9th Regiment Native Infantry, consisting of a havildar, two naikes, and eighteen sepoy, who have been for some time past placed there for the protection of the inhabitants, were the first set upon by half the number of desperadoes, whose deadly fire on the sentries aroused the inmates of the choultry, and on the havildar and a naik rushing out to see what was the matter, both fell in their turn easy victims, owing to the most unexpected assault. However, a most determined fight was afterwards maintained by the sepoy in endeavouring to save the Government treasure (some 2,000 rupees) as long as their ammunition lasted, but overpowering numbers at last rushed into the building upon the faithful Jaks, and cut down or maimed most of them with swords and lathies—sticks bound with iron. Four Rohillas were shot dead, several more were wounded, some mortally. The other villains met with no resistance whatever from the panic-stricken townspeople, who fled in all directions; by noon, forty horses laden with spoil, amounting to four lacs of rupees, together with the arms and accoutrements of the sepoy, were made a prey of, and en route towards the Deccan, without any immediate chance of the robbers being followed up into that country. A havildar and seven other men were killed on the spot.

DEVALPIL, IN TRUNK.—“It appears from the journal of a European traveller,” says the “Poonah Observer,” that a new mode of execution had been adopted by the King of Delhi. A box, each side of which is ten feet square, is constructed of timber about eighteen inches thick, dovetailed together, and braced with iron rods. The outside of the bottom of the box is covered with a plate of beaten iron, an inch in thickness. The interior is filled with perfect cubes of granite, weighing in the aggregate several thousand tons. A machine is erected over the manner of an ordinary pile driver, but of course on an enormous scale, and of tremendous strength. The mass is raised by powerful machinery, cast in Birmingham for the express purpose, though it is to be presumed that the machine by which the work was furnished had no idea of the horrid purpose for which it was intended. The human victim is placed upon a block of granite, of a corresponding surface, buried in the earth immediately beneath the enormous mass, and covered with a plate of iron. At a signal given by the vicereine, the executioner touches a spring, the mass falls, and the victim, crushed at once, is suddenly annihilated, and spread out like a sheet of pasteboard! The huge weight being again raised, the flattened body is withdrawn and dried in the sun. When completely prepared, it is hung over the wall of a public building, there to serve as a warning to the multitude.” [This story reads very like a fabrication.]

BOARD FOR MUTINEERS.—It appears that a bill has been introduced into the Indian Council by Mr. Parnock, and read a first and a second time, for the purpose of enabling Government to order sepoy to be marked with the letter M for Mutiny, and the letter D for desertion, in the same manner as European soldiers are now liable to be marked with the letter D for desertion.

BURNING OF A SCREW TRANSPORT STEAMER.

THE *Sarah Sands* was an iron ship, upwards of 2,000 tons burden. She was chartered by the East India Company for the conveyance of troops to India, and on the 16th of last August left Portsmouth for Calcutta, with a portion of the 54th Regiment on board, comprising besides officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, corporals, drummers, &c., 300 rank and file, 8 women, 7 children, and a number of ladies, relatives of the officers. The voyage appears to have been favourable until the 11th of November, when the ship had reached lat. 14° S, long. 56° E (nearly 400 miles from the Mauritius). In the afternoon of that day the troops berthed on the after-deck, and crew a small party of nine, which apparently proceeded from beneath them in the hold, and it was presently found that the cargo stored there was on fire. By a short time the smoke became so dense as to defy any of the crew getting further into the hold. There was no confusion, however; every order was obeyed with coolness and courage. The course of the ship was stopped; the seamen endeavoured to bring her to the wind; hose was run out from the fire-engines; but all these exertions failed in checking the progress of the fire. Colonel Moffatt, at the suggestion of the commander of the vessel (Captain Castle), directed his men to cast overboard all their ammunition, and in a short time they succeeded in clearing out the starboard magazine. The remainder of the powder in the port magazine, however, excited great apprehensions. Already had the after part of the ship become almost unapproachable. The Colonel appealed to his men for volunteers to attempt to rescue the contents of the magazine now so threatened. Several brave fellows instantly came forward and succeeded in reaching the magazine—clearing it with the exception, it is supposed, of one or two barrels. Several men nearly lost their lives in the attempt: they became overpowered with the smoke and heat, and fell, and when hauled up to the deck were senseless. The flames soon afterwards burst up through the deck, and, running along the various cabins, speedily set the whole on fire. There was a heavy gale blowing at the time, and Captain Castle took measures for the safe lowering of the boats. They were launched without accident; the troops were mustered on deck, there was no rush to the boats, and the men obeyed the word of command with as much order as on parade. Colonel Moffatt informed them that Captain Castle did not despair of saving the ship, but for their own preservation it had been deemed advisable to keep the boats off as to act in case of emergency. The ladies, women, and children were lowered into the port life-boat, and she was directed to stand off until further orders. All hands then turned to constructing rafts of spare spars. In a short time three were put together, which could have been made of saving a large portion of those on board. Captain Castle succeeded in launching two overboard, and the third was left across the deck, to be lowered at a moment's notice.

In the mean while, the flames had made terrible progress: the whole of the cabin, saloon, &c., were on fire; and about nine o'clock the flames burst through the upper deck and ignited the main rigging. Through the forethought of Captain Castle in bringing the ship to the wind, the fire and smoke were swept stern-wards, but serious anxiety was felt lest the ship should pay off, and so render her destruction inevitable. During this fearful suspense, a dreadful explosion took place (no doubt arising from one or two barrels left in the port magazine), which blew out the port quarter. From the main rigging to her stern, the ship was now one general mass of fire. Fortunately, the bulkhead of the after part of the ship without the action of the flames; and all efforts were concentrated to keep it cool. Party after party of the troops volunteered for the work, and so endeavoured to prevent the fire making its way forward; but although the men kept the fire at bay below, it gained the main rigging. Mr. Welch, the chief officer, with several of the soldiers, went aloft with wet blankets, and at considerable risk succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

Towards two o'clock the following morning the men had the satisfaction of seeing the fire diminishing, and by daylight it was entirely extinguished. It was not till then that the fearful havoc made by the fire was clearly ascertained. The after part of the ship was burnt out—merely its shell remaining, and now another fate threatened her. The gale still prevailed, and the ship was rolling and pitching in a heavy sea, constantly spilling water at the port quarter, which had been blown out by the explosion. She had fifteen feet of water in her hold, and active steps were necessary to prevent her foundering. All the men were set to the pumps and hauling water out of the hold. Captain Castle, fearing the stern would fall out, got two hawsers under the bottom and made them fast. The next difficulty was to stop the water which was pouring in through the quarter. Sars and blankets were placed over the opening, and the leak was partially stopped. There was no abatement in the gale during the morning, and in every heave of the ship the water-tanks in the hold, which had got loose, were dashed from one side to the other.

It was not till two o'clock in the afternoon that the boats containing the women and children could be got alongside. They were got on board, and the other boats, which had been ordered off during the raging of the fire, returned, with the exception of the pig, which had been swamped during the night; the people in her, however, were picked up. During the remainder of the day, the following night, and succeeding day, the whole of the hands and troops were engaged working the pumps and clearing the ship of the water. By the evening of the 13th the crew succeeded in securing the stern and getting stowage-way on the ship. She had then drifted as far as longitude 13° 12' south. Captain Castle then set all sail, and bore up in the hope of making the Mauritius, and to the joy of all on board made that port in eight days.

By the latest arrivals the head-quarters and men of the 54th Regiment continued at the Mauritius, awaiting the arrival of a ship to take them on to their destination.

The *Sarah Sands* was heavily insured at Lloyd's.

THE INDIAN RELIEF FUND.—Alderman Finnis publishes a letter from the Relief Committee at Agra, asking for £10,000, to relieve the distresses of the sufferers by the mutiny. The Alderman adds:—“The public will be glad to learn that £10,000, the exact amount of relief requested by the Agra Board, had been voted for them by this committee before the date of their application; so that a few days after their letter was despatched, the funds for which they had applied must have been at their disposal.”

STARVATION AT SEA.—The particulars of a lamentable shipwreck have been brought by the captain of the *Clivia*, from St. John's, New Brunswick. On the 17th ult. he came in sight of the wreck of a vessel named the *Wallace*, from which he rescued part of the crew. The ship had been disabled on the 7th ult., and from that date the men had been almost without food. They were eighteen in number, three having been washed from the deck on the 7th. After enduring their hunger for three days, on the 10th they killed a dog which was on board, and each devoured his portion uncooked. They had no water but a small quantity which they succeeded in catching when it rained. Captain Robins of the *Clivia* found the poor men in a very exhausted state; and an apprentice, who was insensible when taken from the wreck, died soon afterwards.

THE FRENCH SLAVE TRADE.—The Paris “Constitutionnel” of Monday, boldly defends the system which the French Government have adopted of purchasing negroes on the coast of Africa, and carrying them to compulsory service in the French Antilles; argues that in no other manner can property be restored to them; and ridicules the opposition of the English philanthropists. From this manifesto on the part of a leading Government journal, the inference must be that Lord Clarendon's remonstrances have failed, and that the revival of the African slave trade by the Emperor of the French will be persevered in.

THE AUSTRALIAN LABOUR MARKET.—We are glad to observe that the signs of an overstocked labour market in Melbourne and its neighbourhood were passing away. A vote of £35,000 had been taken to give temporary employment to such as might apply. The applicants numbered about 1,100. The employment given was on cuttings and embankments, connected with public works already decided on, so that the work was not absolutely made for the workmen, and the Government very wisely fixed the rate of wages lower and the hours of work rather longer than under private employers. In the meantime, the great influx of people by sea had rather fallen off, and at last the departures exceeded the arrivals. The arrivals in 1857, up to the 9th of October, amounted to 48,691 people of all ages, the departures during the same period to 15,116, making the net increase 33,575. A competent authority estimates the average capacity of the country to absorb population as equal to about 36,000 to 40,000 souls per annum—that is, provided they are fit for the colony. Many, however, continued to arrive for whose labour there was no demand.

RUSSIA'S MISSION.—The “St. Petersburg Gazette” has put forward a theory of “the mission of Russia,” in reply to certain strictures by the English press. The Russian journalist says:—“Just as the mission of civilising Southern Asia belongs to England, so that of civilising Northern Asia belongs to Russia. To attempt to stay that development would, indeed, be to form an aggressive power in Asia, and any such aggression would end in the destruction of the Power attempting it, and not in that of Russia. Russia will no more be vanquished by England on this ground than she was in the last European war.”

COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS AT HAMBURG.—A letter from Hamburg, dated the 23rd ult., says:—“Affairs begin to brighten, confidence is gradually being restored, and business is taking a more favourable turn. The amount of specie in the bank is greater than it ever has been during the last two years—it is nearly 80,000,000 of marks bank. The gradual fall in the rate of discount is a proof of returning prosperity.”

CHRISTMAS FOUNDLINGS.—A touching custom has prevailed at Lyons for many years. The first child that is abandoned to the care of the Foundling Hospital the eve of Christmas-day is received with peculiar honour, and attended to with every care. A very handsome cradle, prepared beforehand, receives its little body—the softest coverings give warmth—the kindest solicitude watches over its slumbers. The whole is designed to present the strongest contrast to the scene in the stable in which the Saviour was received in entering on his earthly existence, and to show that the being seemingly condemned to perish, the victim of vice or misery, is saved by the birth of Him who was sent on earth to inculcate charity and goodwill.

IRELAND.

THE MOONY TRA FRAYS.—The revelations in connection with John James Mooney's trans on the Belfast Customs are not yet complete, it appears. There is a strong rumour that patient investigation has enabled the Customs officials to trace a man who has been paid to several other houses in the town.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE IN IRELAND.—The soldiers in Dublin have behaved in the most riotous manner lately. On Christmas night, a desperate quarrel broke out between the Grenadier Guards and the men of the 30th and 55th Regiments—the men, fighting with their cross-bills in the streets, and with lathes, chairs, and beer-measures in the public-houses. Two or three times the fight was renewed during the evening, the Guards retaining on each occasion some leaving their shakos behind, which the successful party paraded as trophies of victory. So desperate was the mêlée that all the shops were closed. At length a strong detachment of the Grenadier Guards and of the 30th Regiment, drawn up in West Liffey Street, under the command of General Garceigne, succeeded in getting all the refractory soldiers into barracks. On Saturday evening, however, the fight was renewed; and on Sunday symptoms of insubordination appeared, which made it necessary to send for the Commander of the Forces from the Chapel Royal, where he was attending Divine service. About seven o'clock in the evening some of the 30th and 55th Regiments, after going through the streets, calling for the Guards or Militia to come and meet them, went in a body to Chancery Lane police-station, with the avowed purpose of releasing any prisoners that might be confined there. Inspector Fitzpatrick, a policeman on reserve duty, and one prisoner, were the only persons in the station; but the former, when he saw them coming, armed himself with a sword, and gave one to the policeman, and another to the prisoner, and threatening to cut the first man down who would attempt to force his way into the station-house, he succeeded in keeping the soldiers at bay until a party of police came to his assistance. The rioters then proceeded up High Street and Thomas Street, throwing stones, breaking windows, and otherwise behaving in the most disorderly way. The 30th Regiment have been ordered away from Dublin. The “United Service Gazette,” tells us that religious differences rage in some parts of Ireland with almost unexampled intensity, and we may expect to hear of some very serious commotion. “At Castlerock, both Catholic and Protestant soldiers so armed to their respective ‘clubs of worship,’ each anticipating a public disturbance during the hours of Divine worship.”

SCOTLAND.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND MULTIED IN £2,000.—An action for defamation (says the “Northern Echo”) was recently raised in the Court of Session by the Rev. Mr. McKellar, of the Established Church of Clyde, against his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, the damages claimed being £2,000; and a decree for that sum has been obtained, his Grace having failed to enter appearance. The grounds of the action is said to be founded on a letter written by one of the Duke's agents, containing defamatory statements regarding Mr. McKellar.

MURDER IN SCOTLAND.—Three miners of Whitelegg, a small village near Airdrie, were drinking together, when they quarrelled; and one of them, Kennedy, was so barbarously beaten and kicked by the others, that he soon afterwards died. Waters and Crovan, the culprits, made off on hearing of Kennedy's death. They are Irishmen.

THE PROVINCES.

A SOMNAMBULIST DROWNED.—On Friday week, the body of Mary Woods, a maiden lady, aged sixty-six, was found floating in the Mersey, near New Brighton. She was dressed only in her night gown. About three o'clock that morning, some villagers had seen a figure in white walking from the direction of the deceased's house to the ferry, the distance between the two being about half a mile, and before the body had been discovered they gave out that they had seen a ghost. When the body was found, the house was at the usual time, the house door was found open, and the deceased was missing from her bed, which had evidently been occupied.

FLOOD AT BIRMINGHAM.—Great damage has been occasioned at Birmingham by the bursting of the embankment of Upper Watton Pool (thence the town is to be supplied with water). With a noise resembling the roar of a park of heavy artillery, the great body of water burst from its bonds, and rushed over the adjacent country. Much destruction of property of course ensued, the water spreading away on all sides.

CHARGE OF ATTEMPTING TO EXCITE MUTINY.—At the Police office, Sunderland, on Christmas-day, Thomas Johnson, described as an American seaman, was charged with writing a letter to the soldiers of the 9th Regiment, stationed in the barracks at Sunderland, and thereby exciting them to mutiny. The letter was evidently the production of a madman. It said that the people desired a republic, and it requested the soldiers to disarm and a cure their officers. On the prisoner being asked by the Mayor if he had anything to say, he replied, “Nothing; I did not say I would murder the officers. I told Mr. Gifford I had no occasion to kill the officers if the men would join me.” The prisoner was remanded. Last week he inserted a very singular advertisement in a Sunderland newspaper, stating amongst other things that he was in want of a “strong-minded, ambitious woman” for a wife, “who had plenty of money, for he had none,” and directing replies to be sent to “Thomas Johnson, at the Sailors' Home.” It is very probable that he will be sent to a Lunatic Asylum.

FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION.—A boiler belonging to the Harehills Lane Colliery, Leeds, exploded on Tuesday morning. The boiler was an old cylindrical one of inferior construction. On Monday a leak was discovered in the boiler, and the works were stopped to allow of the necessary repairs, work being resumed on Tuesday morning at the usual hour. Shortly after the boiler exploded with a loud report, the great part of the upper portion being thrown into an adjoining field, whilst the thick end was shattered to atoms, some of the bricks being projected a distance of 100 yards. Mr. Joseph Garside, a member of the firm, who is supposed to have just arrived on the spot to inquire as to how the boiler was working, was killed; the engine-man was very much bruised and scalded, and a boy was found in the well, also severely scalded, and only just alive. The cause of the explosion is supposed to have been a scarcity of water.

DEATH UNDER SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.—The wife of John Sagar, master of the Kighly workhouse, died on Sunday week, and it was arranged that the funeral should take place on the succeeding Wednesday. In the interval circumstances arose which led to a post-mortem examination of the body. An inquiry before the Coroner was opened on the day appointed for the funeral, and it was determined to forward some of the contents of the stomach to Mr. Morley, surgeon, of Leeds, for analysis. The inquest was then adjourned to Saturday last, when a letter was received from Mr. Morley, but as its contents could not be taken as evidence in his absence, a further adjournment of the inquiry took place.

PACIFIC LABOURERS AT PRESTON.—A serious disturbance took place among the able-bodied paupers who are employed upon the moor at Preston. There are nearly 3,000 families in receipt of relief, and upwards of 1,000 men are engaged in leveling the Corporation estate on the moor, for which the board receive 2½d. a yard from the Town Council. For some time past these labourers have been very disorderly, and the amount of work done has been exceedingly small. The men became dissatisfied about the payment.

THE WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF A SHOEMAKER, living at Dudley, were both found dead in their bed last week. Their countenances were perfectly composed.

THE STOCK, FARMING IMPLEMENTS, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c., of the late Mr. Henderson, who was murdered at Harvi's farm, were sold by auction last week. The sale was attended by nearly 2,000 persons.

THE MASTER OF THE SHIP NORTHERN BRIDE has been fined £10 (at Liverpool) for having abandoned two seamen on the island of Ascension. They had been landed with some other men to get stores. The Master's defence was, that he thought the men had deserted.

THE REV. HUGH TOTT, D.D., died at Bath on the 21st ult., having attained the advanced age of 101 years. He had held the rectory of Etchingham, Sussex, for the long period of sixty-four years.

CHINESE SKETCHES.

THE Chinese expedition is once more rising into importance. India, no doubt, will occupy much attention for a long time to come; but the crisis being over, and almost every chance of danger to our empire there averted, we are glad to turn from the subject, which has already cost us anxiety enough, and more than enough pain.

Besides, the real business of the China expedition, to which those raids up the creeks were only an epigrammatic preface, is only now about to begin. The report that our commanders in the Chinese seas had resolved to attack Canton is confirmed; and we shall probably soon learn that another Chinese war has begun, on a scale worthy of British arms and the nineteenth century of the Christian era. There is a report abroad, which, if true, equally proves that India is thought safe by those who ought to know best about it, and that Canton may consider itself a conquered city. Lord Canning, it is said, was about to send more than 2,000 men to reinforce our arms in the Chinese waters.

It is indeed time that something were done by our forces there, and we are glad to see that preparations are made to do it. Up to the latest advices everything had been idle and peaceful. The letters we have received are all gossiping; the sketches we have received are all calmly, lazily, humourously picturesque, as the specimens on the following page show. The artist in this case has occupied himself

with hitting off some of the peculiar characteristics of the Hong-kong population, owing to the dearth of more exciting subjects on which to employ his pencil.

CHINESE COOLIES.

The Chinese coolies form the larger portion of the native population of Hong-kong. These men load and unload the vessels in the port, act as sedan-chair bearers, and perform the entire transport service of the island, just as the Turkish "hamels" do the carrying work of Constantinople. Some of them are well-made, athletic men, but the generality are half-starved, perambulating skeletons, covered with sores. They may be seen sitting in crowds under the trees, or beneath verandahs at the roadside, waiting to be hired. Their only clothing is a pair of short drawers, covering the loins, and a bamboo hat, which serves for head gear, umbrella, and parasol. These hats are also applied to other uses, for one frequently sees pipes slung to them, and occasionally they are covered over with fish, hung there to dry as the coolie ambles along. In wet weather, their costume is composed entirely of leaves, which keep out the rain most effectually. The coolies have the reputation of being a lazy, pilfering set of vagabonds, a character which they well deserve. Their average earnings are about 100 cash a day, and some of them will spend as much as 80 of this amount on their opium pipes. As may naturally be expected, they die sooner or later of starvation.

"ONE PIECE BARBER MAN."

The Chinese barber, or "one piece barber man," as he is styled in Canton English, seems to drive a flourishing trade. You may see him plying it from morning to night, generally under some shady tree by the roadside. The head of the Chinaman under operation is first carefully shaved, after which the tail is unplaited, brushed, combed, and replaited with silk, to give it that great length which is considered the correct thing in the fashion of tails.

CHINESE WOMEN.

The distinction between a married and a single woman in China, is shown by the way in which she wears her hair. As long as she is unmarried, she wears it in a long tail just as the men do; but when she gets married, it is turned up in form much resembling a rudder, and fastened by pins in quite an ingenious manner; flowers are generally stuck in this appendage. This mode of head-dress is very becoming to the Chinese women, whose hair is jet-black, and is smoothed and stiffened with a kind of bandoline, composed of the pith of some nut, and which also gives to it a great gloss. A Chinese woman's head, dressed in this way, would make an excellent vane. Virgins, although they wear pig-tails like the men, do not have any portion of their head shaved, but have part of their front hair combed straight down over the forehead. These young ladies have their pig-tails frequently extending to their heels, but they arrive at this result by the manoeuvre we have already alluded to, of plaiting their hair intimately with silk of the same colour as the natural hair, thereby lengthening it to any given number of inches. It is only by a very close inspection that this ingenious deception can be detected.

Married Chinese ladies indulge freely in paint, particularly on the lower lip, which they dye the brightest of scarlets. The small-footed women are almost always wives, and a man generally has several large-footed concubines to do the household work, the children of whom become the property of the lawful wife. The Chinese women with small feet, are in many cases cripples and unable

to walk without support. Their feet are indeed incredibly small, being no larger than an infant's, and yet some of these women move with grace. The process of bandaging entirely wastes away the sinews of the calf of the leg, and reduces it to the dimensions of a stout walking-stick.

It must be remembered that the Chinese women are neither more nor less than the personal property of their husbands or keepers. The will of the man is law; and were it not for the maternal fondness, the sacrifice of female human life in China would be much greater than it actually is.



CHINESE COOLIES.

In Hong-kong small, deformed feet are not common, for, as a class, the Chinese inhabitants of this island are—men and women—nearly all composed of the working portion of the community. But nevertheless small feet are to be seen, and proud enough their owners appear of them, as they walk along in their characteristic and peculiarly supercilious way. Those ladies who have not deformed feet, endeavour as much as possible, by artificial means, to make you believe that they have. For this purpose they wear shoes the soles of which are suddenly bevelled off both in front and behind, so that they rest on the middle of their feet on a stump—it cannot be called a sole—not more than an inch and a half in diameter. In this way the poor votary of fashion takes her most uncomfortable walk, believing she has deluded you into the idea that she is a celestial aristocrat. To correct any erroneous impressions that may be formed of the habits of the Hong-kongites, it should be added that it is only those ladies whose station in society require it that wear shoes; by far the larger portion go barefooted.

As regards dress, the better class of Chinese females—say one of the wives of a respectable Hong-kong tailor—will wear a sort of jacket, the colour of which is almost universally blue; trousers the same, and also black; the materials of both being of silk. This lady would not wear a hat, but perhaps a silk or cotton handkerchief, thrown over her head and meeting under the chin, a triangular end hanging down over the neck. She never comes out in the rain, but she carries a delicate French umbrella to protect her from the sun; and a never-failing accompaniment is an old woman, who follows her sulkily behind, and trembles both for herself and her charge if by any chance she discovers a British subaltern regarding her young protégée with admiring eyes. An admirer of Chinese beauty is something like a lover of olives; for both an acquired taste is requisite. With our European ideas, it is some time before we can regard with pleasure the flat noses and yellow skins of these feminine Celestials. The women in Southern China are positively hideous, being not unlike baboons; those in the Northern districts, however, are much fairer and handsomer. In stature and make the women of Southern China are extremely small—a full-grown woman, as a general rule, being no larger than an ordinary-grown English girl of twelve years of age.

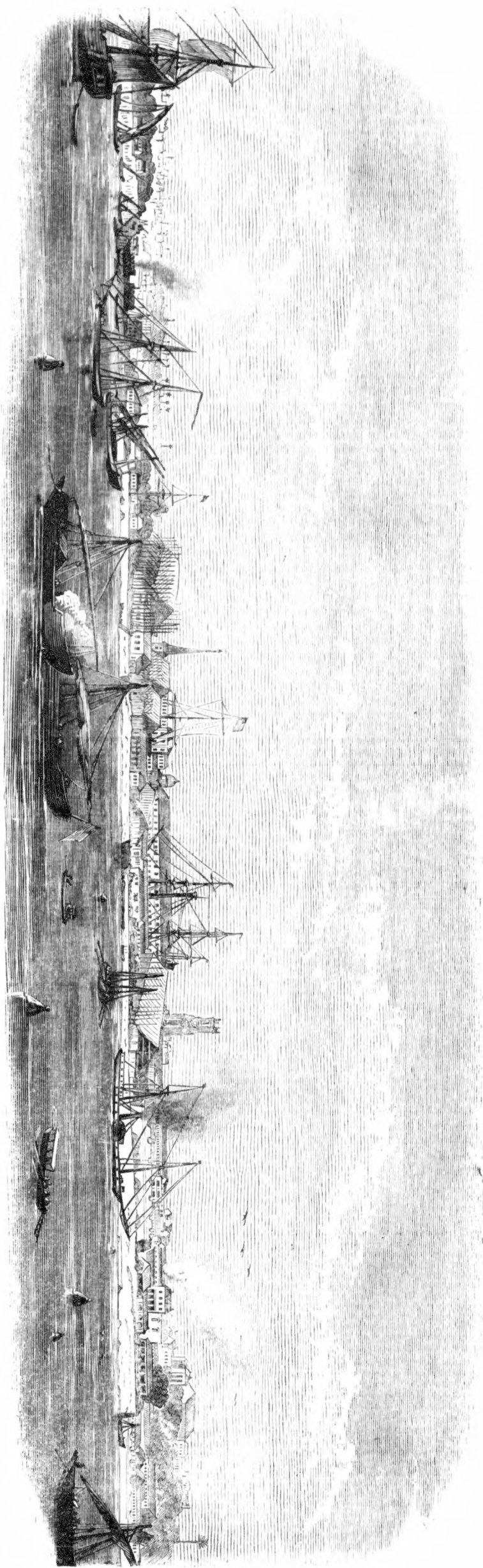
There are two good traits in the character of the female Celestials of all classes, which deserve to be adverted to. First, they display no partiality for the bottle, and the manufacture of "sam-shon" would be unknown if they were the only purchasers. As a counterpoise to this, however, they have a decided weakness for smoking opium. This has the effect of destroying all the lighter and more interesting points in the female character; and Chinese women—when you can understand them—are by means wanting in vivacity. Their second good quality is their excessive fondness for their offspring. Mothers may be seen carrying their babes with such expressions of delight and such evident love, as would do any English mother's heart good to witness. And this is a common thing with them, even amongst the lowest and the poorest. It may seem strange, when the constant murders of their female children are considered; but



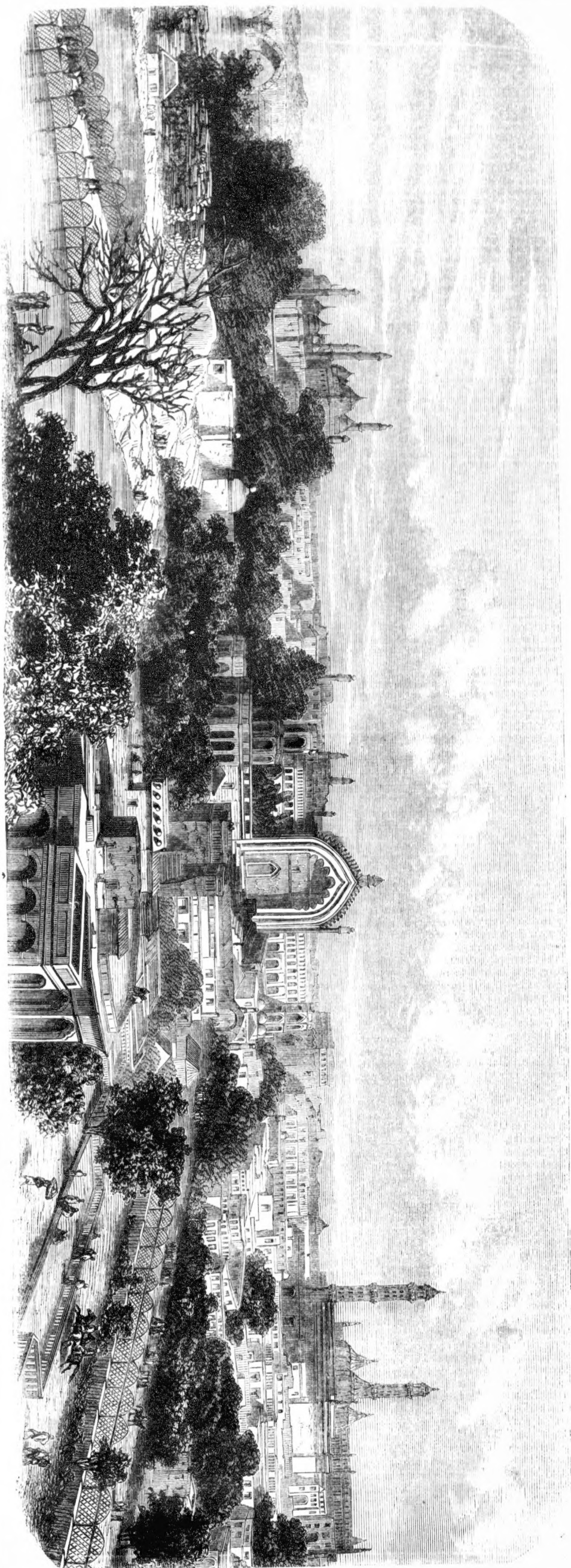
"ONE PIECE BARBER MAN."



CHINESE WOMEN, MARRIED AND SINGLE.



THE PORTS OF PORTSMOUTH.



GENERAL VIEW OF LONDON.

BOMBAY ROADSTEAD.

BOMBAY is divided: there is the "white" town, and the "black" town. The first, of which we give a view from the roadstead, is the European quarter. Under the general name of the Fort, it comprises the Government-house, custom-house, barracks, arsenal, docks, &c.; and within the bounds live the Europeans, officials and mercantile. Residence within the walls, however, is not healthy; and in certain seasons the inhabitants find it convenient to retire as much as possible to the "black town," without the walls, which is built with a greater regard to the burning temperature of the country. Here the poorer classes live, in houses built of dull clay, and thatched with cool palmyra leaves. Within the Fort the houses are mostly of wood, covered with tiles, which provoke a degree of heat that verandahs fail to compensate.

Looking at our engraving from left to right, our readers may see the landing-place, a noble pile of stone steps, situate at the end of a mole; then a quay, which is simply a strip of land, connecting the mole with the city. Further on, past some tall sheds, may be seen the steeple of the Catholic Church; the Government Offices and Barracks immediately follow; then a great covered "slip" (for ship-building purposes), the Cathedral, the Museum, and that portion of the city which the elevation of the ground permits us to see from the water.

The fortifications of Bombay are extensive, and would require a numerous garrison for their defence. Towards the sea the works are very strong, but are comparatively weak on the land side.

THE CITY OF LUCKNOW.

SINCE the fall of Delhi the relief of Lucknow had been anxiously looked for, and glad were the tidings brought by the last mail from India. Neither in ancient nor in modern times do we find a defence more astonishing than that which was here made; and when the narrative of this siege shall be given to the world, it will, we feel assured, rank among the greatest of those military achievements which have made England famous.

Lucknow is the capital of the Oude dominions. It is built on the river Goomtee, a tributary of the Ganges, which is crossed here by two bridges. The population has been estimated at 200,000. The city has an imposing appearance, and is divided into several quarters, some of which contain noble streets, though otherwise close and filthy. In some of its buildings the Grecian style of architecture has been imitated, and many of its private palaces are filled with European furniture. The principal edifice is the Jambarah, or mausoleum of Asaph-Dowlah, considered by Lord Valentia as the finest building he saw in India. Between the city and decaying country seat Constantia, is the Dikrosha Park, with an extensive menagerie; and about three miles distant is Bawun, a royal palace built after the Grecian style.

The founder of the Oude dynasty was a merchant of Khorassan, who, having obtained a military command, speedily raised himself to the position of governor of the country. In this office, which he retained till his death in 1780, he greatly distinguished himself. His son, who was appointed to succeed him in 1747, was afterwards raised to the rank of prime minister to the Grand Mogul. In 1766 the emperor and his minister after having endeavoured to oppose their enemies the Maharrattas and the Rohillas, decided on asking assistance from the English, with whom they concluded a treaty which guaranteed the assistance of troops to the Grand Mogul and his minister (who still held the office of governor), on payment of a subsidy. In 1801 the Governor of Oude being unable to meet the terms of the treaty, the English insisted that he should make over to them half of his territory—namely, Allahabad, Rohilcund, and a large portion of the Doonah, in consideration of which they engaged to protect him against his enemies. The Governor of Oude also engaged to be guided in his administration by the English. In 1818 he refused to recognise any other sovereignty but that of England, and soon after took the title of king, or rather emperor. The dynasty has not been a long one. In 1855 its dominions were annexed by Lord Dalhousie to those of the East India Company. This act undoubtedly aggravated the mutinous feeling which had long been lurking among several Sepoy regiments. Indeed, the Bengal native army was mainly recruited from Oude, and therefore may be supposed to have had many sympathies in common with the deposed King.

ACCIDENT TO THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.—The Duke of Portland has for some time been suffering from chronic inflammation in the hip, and to allay the pain was accustomed to inhale the vapour from a spirit-of-wine lamp. On Wednesday morning his Grace was doing so, when by some accident the lamp was overturned and set fire to the bed-curtains and bedding. The house-steward was in attendance and removed the Duke from the room, but before he was severely burnt. The furniture in the room was completely destroyed.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—On Monday evening, a train of wagons, laden with stone, was going up the incline at Helmsboro, between Ramsbottom and Accrington, on the East Lancashire Railway, when the couplings connecting the eighth wagon from the end with the foremost part of the train gave way, and the eight wagons thus disjoined ran backwards towards Manchester. After running three miles, and acquiring considerable impetus, they came into collision with a passenger train, the engine and first carriages of which were nearly destroyed, and both lines of rails were blocked up; but the passengers, though much shaken, were not seriously injured, except one of them, who fell in jumping out. A serious collision took place on the evening of Christmas-day, at Warrington. No lives were lost, but several passengers were injured.

DEATH OF AN UNFORTUNATE.—A few days since died the Rev. Mr. Hugh Pollard Willoughby. The unfortunate gentleman was connected with the family of Sir H. P. Willoughby, and became an inmate of Bethlem Hospital under singular circumstances. In the year 1854, in the course of a trial at the Old Bailey, the deceased persisted in interrupting Mr. Gifford, who was addressing the Court, and he was ordered into custody, but ultimately liberated. Mr. Willoughby afterwards attempted to shoot Mr. Gifford, for which he was tried and acquitted on the ground of insanity. He was accordingly removed to Bethlem Hospital, where he remained up to the time of his death. He had been gradually sinking for some time.

THE LEVIATHAN.—The preparations which are now being made to resume the launch of the Leviathan are very formidable. Altogether, there will be no fewer than eighteen presses brought to bear on the ship, one of which is of considerable power, and was used at the raising of the tubular bridge over the Menai Straits. The metal of the cylinder is fifteen inches thick, and it is stated that it can accomplish a pressure equal to 1,200 tons, although not near its full power will be applied, the buttresses not being equal to the resistance. But the hydraulic power that will be applied will be more than double what has previously been put on. The moorings of the hauling chains have also been strengthened. Mr. Robert Stephenson paid a second visit to the building-yard on Tuesday morning, and, accompanied by Mr. Brunel, inspected the arrangements and position of the rams.

DEATH OF EARL SPENCER.—The death of Earl Spencer, K.G., is announced. His Lordship had but a few weeks previous resigned the office of Steward of the Household in consequence of his failing health, but so early and fatal a termination of his illness was not anticipated. By the death of Earl Spencer another garter is rendered vacant, and a new election for North Northamptonshire will take place.

PURCHASE OF THE SEULAGS COLLECTION FOR PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.—The Mayor of Birmingham has invited the assistance of other corporate authorities in the midland counties to induce the Chancellor of the Exchequer to purchase this collection in order that it may be made useful in improving decorative manufactures in metal, pottery, glass, &c. A Union of Art Trades has also been formed in the metropolis, in order to bring the purchase before Parliament as soon as it re-assembles. The Society of Arts has allowed the meetings of this union to take place in the Adelphi. Lord Granville, as President of the Education Committee, expressed himself quite favourable to the purchase when a deputation of the Institute of the British Architects waited upon him, so that the question now remains wholly to be decided by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Palmerston, doubtless in accordance with public opinion.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX TO VOL. 5
Are Now Ready, and may be obtained of all the Agents. Price Three Halfpence.

THE LEVIATHAN

We beg to announce to our readers that, on the completion of the Launch of the Leviathan, we propose to publish an extra number of our paper, to be entitled

THE LEVIATHAN NUMBER
OF THE
ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

It will contain a history of the origin, mode of construction, and eventual floating of this gigantic ship; with the amplest statistical information respecting her cost, her particular and general dimensions, her passenger accommodation, her means of propulsion, and anticipated speed. The whole prefixed by a popular account of the history of steam navigation from the early essays of Bell and Fulton to the latest results of modern times.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS,

from Photographs by Joseph Cundall and Robert Howlett, taken expressly for this journal, and exhibiting the ship at the various stages of her construction. Also, views of her bows, stern, and broadside in her present state; with representations of the launching tackle and appliances while at work; a large and accurate general view of the final launch; and a full-length portrait of Mr. Brunel, the eminent engineer, &c., &c.

The Leviathan Number of the "Illustrated Times" will contain an amount of matter and engravings sufficient to fill an octavo volume; nevertheless, it will be published at the same price as an ordinary number of the paper, namely, 2d., or Stamped to go Free by Post, 3d.

It is necessary that all who wish to possess this complete illustrated record of one of the most wonderful undertakings of modern times, should give immediate orders to the news-agents, as after the day of publication it will be difficult if not impossible to obtain copies.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE YEAR 1858.

MASTERS PIECES OF MODERN ART.

The Proprietors of the "Illustrated Times" inform their subscribers that they have been engaged for many months past in the preparation of a series of most highly-finished Engravings on a large scale, to be printed separately from the paper, and which they propose to issue at short intervals throughout the coming year. Specimens of these Engravings will be shortly in the hands of the news-agents, and the Proprietors will allow these specimens to speak for themselves, feeling confident that they will more than realise any eulogy they could bestow upon them.

The first of these Engravings will be issued early in the present year. Some idea of the sterling and interesting character of the series may be gained from the following list of subjects already completed:—

The Return from Hacking	Painted by Sir E. Landseer, R.A.
The Wolf and the Lamb	W. Mulready, R.A.
Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman	C. Leslie, R.A.
The Shepherd's Chief Mourner	Sir E. Landseer, R.A.
The Canterbury Pilgrims	T. Stothard, R.A.
The Young Princess in the Tower	Pau. Delaroche
Happy as a King	W. Collins, R.A.
Crossing the Bridge	Sir E. Landseer, R.A.
Family Happiness	Meyerheim.
Old English Hospitality	G. Cattermole.
The Sanctuary	Sir E. Landseer, R.A.
Crossing the Brook	J. M. W. Turner, R.A.
The Death of Queen Elizabeth	Pau. Delaroche.
The Last In	W. Mulready, R.A.
Woodland Dance	T. Stothard, R.A.
A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society	Sir E. Landseer, R.A.

VALUABLE MAPS ON A LARGE SCALE.

During the present year the Proprietors will also issue at least Six Elaborately Engraved Maps, the same size as the Map of London, published by them in March last. The first of these will be

A GRAND MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES,

from the recent Ordnance Surveys, and including all the Railways throughout the Kingdom. The size will be 40 inches by 35 inches, and specimens will be ready next week.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NAUTILUS.—We would prefer to answer our correspondent through the Post if he will send us his address.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE BEGINNING.—C. J. Skeet, King William Street, Strand. It is a three-volume novel.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1858.

EQUALISATION OF LONDON POOR-RATE.

THERE has been so much talk since the publication of the condition of the working people, that the agitation for the above object has once more become a her brick. It would be amusing, if the case were not so infinitely serious, to see how every social reform makes a "sport" now and then, when accidents favour it, and then subsides into obscurity, having achieved little or nothing. But the knowledge of this state of things must not deter people from doing their duty; and if nothing else can be done, it is as well to re-sort to exposure of the abuses of the day occasionally—if only to shame those who profit by their existence, and prate in their defence. One of the grossest of these abuses is the way in which some London parishes throw their poor on other London parishes, being themselves the wealthiest and most able to assist them. This forms a curious chapter in the history of London's civilisation, and one which we suspect is little known to the general public. But the facts are well established; and an association expressly exists to disseminate and (if possible) ultimately abolish them.

When one only looks at the sunny side of London's growth, few subjects are more agreeable. Macaulay reminds us that snipes were shot in Regent Street almost as late as Queen Anne's time. Belgravia and Tyburnia have both sprung up since Dr Johnson's day; and there is certainly a vast deal of splendour and comfort (even if it is not particularly artistic) spread over the western region of town. But in proportion as one kind of improvement goes on, certain evils increase, and almost overbalance it. The rich get better accommodation, and the poor get worse. To build a fine street you clear a colony, which migrates into some other part of town, and swells the poor-rates to an intolerable height thereabout. Meanwhile, the "improved" region not only is handsomer and airier, but has got rid of the burden of supporting poor folk almost entirely.

Thanks to the Association mentioned above, and its chairman, Mr. Gilbert, there is no difficulty in illustrating this statement by examples. When Regent Street was made, flocks of poor were routed out—to Westminster—to Lambeth—to St. Giles's. When this last hole grew intolerable, Field Lane and the site of New Farringdon Street became its successors; and, once more (on "improvement" there), the Surrey side of the water received the barbarous borders. This is one specimen of the kind of proceeding; but others can be produced from other districts. The formation of Belgravia drove swarms to Chelsea and to Westminster; and the latter place especially became so awful that it even startled the Dean and Chapter. This respectable body agreed to the creation of Victoria Street, which cleared out paupers in the orthodox way. A good anecdote occurs *à propos* of this point in the history. One of the "Cases" being questioned as to the state of his district replied—"We improve rapidly; we have got rid of many hundreds of the worst of the poorer class." On the further inquiry, "where they had gone?" this excellent man answered—"Really, that is not a subject for our consideration; the parishes where they are now living must look to that." Mr. Gilbert

(who publishes this little story) ought to give the world this gentleman's name: it might procure him a testimonial from the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square.

The reader must now be curious to know what difference in the respective poor-rates of parishes is made by this way of disposing of the poor. Let us take the city first, for the city has been at the work as well as the West End.

By comparing the financial history of seven rich city parishes, beginning with St. Christopher-le-Stocks, with seven poor ones, beginning with St. Nicholas Olave, for the years ranging from 1838 to 1854, and what do we find? That the poor-rate increased in the poor parishes no less than £2,780 per annum during that period. The same kind of change occurs in many places, but in each the law of the change is the same; that is to say, the poor are thrust from parish to parish lightening the well-to-do and pressing heavily on the ill-to-do ones. The tendency is to divide London into places where the rich are exempt from poor-rates and places where the poor are crushed to the earth by them. The contrast of our unjust civilisation will thus stand out again at each other in hideous relief. Westminster is flinging its poor upon Chelsea. Kensington is imitating its example. St. George's, Hanover Square—enormously wealthy and growing in wealth—has so admirably managed its affairs of late years, that while the poor-rate in 1832 was 2s. 6d. in the pound, in 1852, it had fallen to 3d. One of the most curious features of our social life connects itself with this district. It employs thousands and thousands of domestic servants, who, when sick and "used up," fall upon distant and over-burdened parishes.

The effects of the over-crowding, which is the direct result of this system, on the condition of the poor, are so well known, that all talk about them becomes instantly a common place. Our present object is only to show what the facts of the inequality of the poor-rates are, that the case of those who would equalise them by law may get a fair hearing. If equalisation of poor-rates be not the just remedy, at all events the defenders of the existing state of things are bound in common decency to tell us *what is?*

SCHOOLMASTERS AND THEIR PUPILS.

THE *sava indignatio* of the "Times" newspaper in its leading articles is at last explained. We can now account for its savage ire, its ruthless scorn, its implacable ferocity. The "Thunderer" turns out to be a schoolmaster of the old régime, of much accident and more burch, of the type of the *plagiosus Orbilius*, and old Dr. Busby of Westminster, who, as tradition runs, once sent a boy home with the most important part of his trousers supplied by the cover of a copy-book, having flogged away the cloth; and that stern master at Christ's Hospital whom Coleridge knew, and of whom it was said at his death that inasmuch as he was a good man, and would surely go to heaven, it was very lucky that the Cherubims who had to bear him thither had only heads and wings, as he would infallibly have flogged them on the way.

The Jupiter Tonans of Printing House Square appears to have been studying the treatise of Meibonius, "*De usu Flagellorum*," or Mirabeau's erotic essay on the same subject; or Delolme's commentary on the Abbé Boileau's *Historia Flagellantium*. In no other way can we account for the fervid defence which the leading organ of the press has offered for the brutal custom—rapidly, we are happy to say, declining, yet far too prevalent—of flogging boys at school. The "Times" appears absolutely to revel in the tortures of school-boys. Flogging, according to the oracle of Printing House Square, is the grand panacea for all juvenile misdeeds, and we can only wonder that the "Times" does not regret the legal restriction which limits the number of lashes to be inflicted in the army to fifty, the abolition of whipping at the cart's tail, and the disuse of the practice of flogging "Traviatas" in Bridewell.

A few days since a case was brought under the notice of the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, showing—so, at least, is our opinion—a repulsive amount of cruelty and injustice on the part of a certain reverend clergyman. A delicate little boy, ten years and a half old, the son of a respectable licensed victualler in the City, was a pupil in a school belonging to the Brewers' Company. He happened to be late one morning, but brought a note from his mother asking that he might be excused, with a message to the effect that he was wanted at home. To this the master of the school paid no attention, but desired him to go to his seat. After some time the boy, wishing to obey the behests of his mother, attempted to leave the school; an under-master stopped him; there was an altercation; and the end of it was that the head-master beat the little lad with a thick cane about the legs and thighs with a severity revoltingly cruel. The medical man who afterwards examined the boy's person, testified to the presence of twenty severe contusions; and the Lord Mayor himself said that the poor child's body was more lacerated than that of any criminal whom he had seen flogged in Newgate.

Now, we are perfectly ready to grant the postulate of the boy's insubordination in attempting to leave the school after he had been forbidden to do so. The discipline of schools, especially of large ones, must be maintained; and the authority of the schoolmaster, for the time being, should be paramount above that even of the parents of a scholar. There may be cases from time to time in which corporal punishment is the only remedy practicable; but surely so grave a penalty should be inflicted with temper, with caution, and with forbearance. We cannot know all the circumstances of the boy's misbehaviour at the Brewers' School to which we have alluded, and it may have been absolutely necessary to administer bodily correction to him; at the same time we cannot refrain from expressing our indignation and disgust at the act of a great brawny schoolmaster, who, heated by passion, seizes a defenceless child, and thrashes him with a stick in the manner we have described. We should have thought that the classical learning of the reverend carnicifex might have taught him the value of the old Horatian adage—

"Nec scutica vignum
Horribile scetere flagello."

The little boy who wanted to go to his mamma might certainly have deserved the *scutica* to the extent of a few stripes over the palms of his hands; but as it turned out, his preceptor administered to him the horrible *flagellum* with a vengeance.

The "Times" newspaper has taken up the case (the schoolmaster is committed for trial at the sessions), defends the act of cruelty, sneers at the mother, thunders at the boy, and launches out into a fervent paenycric on flagellation in general. This is not the first time that the "Times" has been the advocate of the scourge. Our readers may remember the case of the sons of Mr. Morgan Trehearne, at Eton, which occurred some months since. On that occasion the "Times" always exulting over the efficiency of flagellation, described a flogging as being like a "flash of lightning." It must be rather a scorching and blasting flash, we think, which can excoriate the body of a child till the app-ance it presents is worse than that of a criminal who has just suffered under the cat-o'-ninetails.

We are not such Optimists or such Utopians as to believe that corporal punishment can be wholly banished from schools or families. Nature sanctions the practice: in the best regulated nurseries the domestic "spank" is occasionally absolutely needed; and there are certain crises in juvenility in which the administration of a sound thrashing will do a child a great deal of good. But against cruel, immoderate, and passionate chastisement we must strongly and indignantly protest. The sure sign of mismanagement in a school is the frequency of punishments; and the man who cannot control his temper in administering correction, is in our opinion wholly unfitted for the task of educating the young. Our best schools are conducted without corporal punishment. At King's College, and at that admirable institution directed by the Messrs. Hill, Bruce Castle, the use of the rod is unknown. It is only in antiquated foundations, and, as it would seem, with clerical pedagogues, that the idea is still entertained that the mind of a child, like a walnut tree, must be quakened in its advance to maturity by blows.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS

LORD HARROWBY has resigned the office of Privy Seal on account of the state of his health, which renders it necessary for him to abstain for some time from all business. He is to be succeeded by Lord Clanricarde.

THE FRENCH MINISTER OF MARINE has decided, after several trials, that the esquin and marines serving on board ships of war shall, in future, be armed with rifles.

AT GOSPORT, in consequence of quarrels among the Royal Marines and Lancashire Militia Regiment and a few men of the 47th Regiment, no soldier is permitted to carry a stick.

BARON VON RUDEN, a noted German statistician, has died at Vienna.

LOLA MONTES recently arrived at Southampton, from America, en route to Paris. It is reported that she is about to marry a Prince Solikowski.

THERE IS A PROSPECT that the Surrey Gardens Company may get out of their present difficulties. An offer has been made to pay the creditors ten shillings in the pound, and it is expected that they will accept it.

THE PRESENT CROP OF SUGAR IN DEMERARA will be the largest since Emancipation; while that of Barbadoes will be one of the largest ever reaped.

THE TITLE by which Mr. Charles Compton Cavendish will be called to the Upper House is, we believe, Lord Chesham, and not Lord Latimer, as previously stated.

MR CHARLES FRERE, formerly a popular actor, but lately of indigent circumstances, cut his throat last week at his lodgings in London. He was seventy years of age.

MISS JESSY MERITON WHITE has returned to this country from Genoa, and is married to a young Italian, of literary pretensions, named Signor Alberto Mario, with whom she became acquainted in Genoa.

THE REV. THOMAS BINNEY has sailed from Liverpool for Australia, in the *Sultana*, in company with a large party of missionaries and friends. Mrs. Binney accompanies her husband.

SOME OF THE FOREIGN SINGERS who went in "the fall" to America, with the hopes of gleaming a golden harvest there, have already returned—public music having been virtually silenced by the "crashes," on every side, of bank, and warehouse, and speculator's office.

AN ENGLISHMAN OF FORTUNE AND POSITION was recently invited to a fancy ball at foreign court. Like a bold Briton he went in the attire of a parish beadle.

THERE is suffering a kind of "cerebral rheumatism," which afflicts all over-worked brains in the long run. His last volume on the close of the dying struggle of Empire in 1814 tasked his powers overmuch.

VOLUNTEERING TO REGIMENTS OF THE LINE is now open for all militia corps, either embodied or disembodied, upon the same terms and conditions as those laid down during the late war with Russia.

MR. WYON is employed on a medal commemorative of the marriage of Prince Frederick of Prussia and the Princess Royal of England.

THE SMALL POLISH TOWN OF BOLANOWO was some months since destroyed by an inhabitant of the place, a blacksmith, who has just been condemned to death. His house had been seized for debt, and was about to be sold, when, out of revenge, he set fire to it, and thus caused the destruction of the whole town, and the loss of many lives.

AN ORDER has lately been given to M. Scheur, to make a calculating machine for the Registrar-General's office.

MILLE BLANCHE DE JUFFOSSE, the heroine of the late trial (says the "Court Journal"), is about to bestow herself upon the son of an old comrade of her father.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON again preached last week in the crowded parish of Bethnal Green, to a congregation comprising large numbers of the poor.

THE NATIONAL HOTEL at Washington has been re-opened. It is not announced what measures have been taken to render it salubrious; but it is now remarked that "it is to be hoped the proprietors will poison their rats hereafter with more discretion, and not kill eight per cent of their guests in the operation."

THE COMMITTEE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE have expelled a member, Mr. C. H. Taylor, because they believe that he has used intelligence improperly obtained from a clerk in the submarine Telegraph Company. The clerk has been dismissed. The system has been carried on, it is said, for a long time, causing suspicion to fall on innocent persons.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT has decided on the establishment of an Artillery College at Grenoble. It is remarked that since the accession of Napoleon III., who is so skilled in the science of artillery, the number of artillery schools has been increasing every day in France.

THE LEMNANT OF THE WATERLOO VETERANS is being thinned by death. A long list of the departed has just been published. The report states, however, that there are 180 officers above the rank of captain still alive.

A DISSIPATED WOMAN, living in Oldham, had several times attempted to commit suicide, drank some vitriol a day or two ago, and died in great agony.

TWELVE PERSONS were killed at Galata by the fall of some arches lately.

THE OTTOMAN ARMY has recently adopted the plan followed by France, and several other states, of drawing up the troops two deep instead of three, as had been hitherto done. Other improvements are in contemplation, which will tend to render the Ottoman army more efficient than it has yet been.

A NEW FORTNIGHTLY EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED ART-REVIEW is announced for the beginning of the year in Paris. The title will be "Gazette des Beaux Arts, Courrier Européen de l'Art et de la Curiosité."

THE DEATH OF SIR ALEXANDER DIXIE, BART., is announced. He was in early life in the navy, and was at Traalgar. He had assisted at the capture and destruction of twenty-three sail of the line, besides a number of frigates, sloops of war, and privateers, and had been once shipwrecked, twice imprisoned, and twice wounded in battle.

THE ACCOUNTS OF THE LATE MUSICAL FESTIVAL at Norwich will exhibit a surplus of £430, but it is recommended that a portion of this sum should be applied to the payment of debts on account of the meeting of 1854, when there was a deficiency of £103.

RUMOUR promises a Dukedom to M. de Morny. The title proposed for the President of the Legislative Corps is Duke de Nude, the name of one of his chateaux in the Allier.

THE VACCINATION, OR RE-VACCINATION, of the entire French army is proposed. This idea is not new; for in 1856 there were 44,222 men of the Prussian army subjected to the operation.

APARTMENTS have been provided by the Emperor of the French in the Chateaux de Saverne, for the accommodation of seventy-eight widows and daughters of civil and military functionaries.

THE PRINCESS POLIGNAC was married a short time since to Victorine, the great dressmaker; and the "Court Journal" tells us that, "a modiste of the Rue Richelieu has just bought the hand of an influential member of the Senate, and descendant of one of the noblest houses of France."

DUELS are becoming rather "the thing" in the French capital. Several affairs of this kind have been reported lately.

NAPOLEON III. has dismissed the Spanish nurse who was in attendance on the Prince Imperial, and has obtained the services of an English attendant, the daughter of a Norfolk farmer.

A CATALOGUE OF ALL EXISTING MATERIALS FOR THE "HISTORY OF ENGLAND," from the earliest time to the final close of the Wars of the Roses, on the accession of Henry VIII. the point at which modern history begins, is about to be published by Mr. Hardy of the Record Office.

A WORKING MAN'S C LLEGE is about to be opened in Manchester. The first term commences on Monday, the 11th of January.

THE "MEDICAL GAZETTE," OF LISBON, asserts that all the persons of that city who reside in houses lighted by gas must escape the yellow fever.

AFTER EXTINGUISHING THE LEGITIMIST ORGAN OF TOULOUSE AND THE SOUTH, the French Government falls foul of that party's organ in the West. The "Foy Bretonne" is under legal process at Rennes, in Brittany.

THE LITTLE HAMLET OF SCHREVENINGEN, on the coast of Holland, has netted two million and a half of fresh herrings, and picked out at sea 250 tons of that commodity. The best are stated to have been got off the English shores.

THE FINANCIAL DIFFICULTY is extending to Warsaw and other commercial towns of Poland.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has given a hundred pounds to Jacob Harbour, whose arm was shot away while he was assisting to fire a salute to their Imperial Majesties on leaving Osborne.

MR. RICHARD FURNES, a provincial poet of some reputation—author of the "Rag Bag" and "Medicus Magnus," and himself a friend of Ebenezer Elliot and James Montgomery—died recently.

THE BROTHER OF THE SULTAN HOSKIN, the chief sovereign of Darfour, is about to visit Europe. Darfour is a state of Central Africa, inhabited by a black Malometan population. It carries on a considerable trade by means of caravans. An English agent lately visited the capital of the country, and was very well received by the Sultan.

VINE-DRESSERS have been engaged in the wine-growing departments in France to go out to Australia. The wages offered are advantageous to the vine-dressers, who are engaged for extensive proprietors at Victoria. Vine cuttings have already been sent from Burgundy and the Bordelais to Australia.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

I AM glad to have the opinion I expressed in last week's *feuilleton* about Christmas confirmed by a long absent, but always welcome, correspondent, "Trois Etoiles," whose letter, practicable and sensible as ever, I annex:—

DEAR MR. LOUNGER.—I break a very long silence—so long a one that you may have forgotten me—for the purpose of thanking you heartily for attempting to expose the humbug about Christmas indulged in by periodical writers and designers. Nobody believes in all this joviality and generosity of sentiment—least of all the propagators of it—Mr. Dickens, perhaps, excepted. It is doubtless in his genius that we owe all this maudlin—a quality of which there is enough in all of his Christmas books to have stamped any writer of less power. Supposing that you had had a difference with an acquaintance, should you think that a dinner and a dance were enough to solve the unhealed wound? What is the use of two men wishing each other a merry Christmas to-day when to-morrow they will wish each other at Jericho? Some years ago, a relative and I quarrelled about nothing more heroic than forty pounds and some personal tastes: to-day he would have me dine with him on the forgive-and-forget, kiss-and-be-friends plan. I may be brutal, but I have preferred a chop at home—not so much because of the unexplained-away difficulty, as because I feel that by next week we should naturally have fallen into the old state of indifference engendered by opposite tastes.

But I believe that Mr. Dickens himself would, if questioned, admit that he no longer holds the opinions which prompted him to write the "Carol," and the other and interior Christmas works—to their full extent, I mean. He would hardly now think that the very impudent, though well meaning, conduct of Mrs. Peerybingle and Miss Marston Jeddler could be smothered in the ingredients of a plum pudding, or drowned in the wassail bowl. I am afraid that if you or I had been the husband or the lover of those ladies, the recollection of their kind-hearted indiscretions would have persisted in bobbing up above the apples, and biased in our brain more than the roasted crabs in the bowl. But be Mr. Dickens's opinions on this head what they may, it is certain that his Christmas tales are edging off yearly more and more from their direct bearing on the time at which they appear—the manly charity, the noble generosity which belongs to all times still re-appear in them, and may they long do so.

I am happy to be able to agree with you also as to the beauty of Mr. Pasquier's "In the Bitter Cold," although it might do as well for any winter day from November to April, as for Christmas time especially. I only wish that he did not make his appearance in your columns, like Christmas—"only once a year."—Yours truly,

TROIS ETOILES.

Lord Palmerston is not happy in his appointments; the spirit of the old Tory shines through the veil of Liberalism in which the Premier has endeavoured, for popularity's sake, to shroud himself. Barnacle and Stilt-stalking influence triumphs, and talent, or aptitude for position, unaccompanied by hereditary position or parliamentary influence, are whistled down the wind. Before the late Mr. Coppock was laid in his grave, we were informed that the appointment which was vacant by his death, the Treasurership of the Kent County Courts, had been bestowed upon Mr. William Augustus Tollmach, known to the world only through the medium of "Dod" as a member of the Dysart family, and as brother of one of the members for Grantham, one of the most recent converts to the Palmerstonian theory. A Mulgrave has been rewarded with the Governorship of Nova Scotia, and a Howard has been given the Stamp Distributorship of Manchester, with a thousand a-year; and now the ignoble, but strikingly popular, name of Tollmach is added to the list. It is said that in his selection of candidates for good things at his disposal, Lord Palmerston is greatly guided by the opinion of his son-in-law, the Hon. William Cowper; this may or may not be, but certainly Mr. Cowper is not remarkable for his affection to the press and its contributors, one of whom, Mr. Dasent, a leader-writer in the "Times," and the "Habitué in Sicco" of that journal, was known to be a candidate for the appointment so recently conferred on Mr. Tollmach.

To those behind the scenes it was funny to notice the tone which the "Times" was compelled to take in reference to the selection of the Marquis of Clanricarde as Privy Seal, in place of the retiring Lord Harrowby. As a Palmerstonian organ, the leading journal dared not vent its spite as it otherwise would; and so the Thunder, which on one occasion of not very ancient date, speaking of Lord Clanricarde, had inquired, "whether this man would ever again dare to take his seat among his peers?" was compelled to content itself with an article composed of small sneers and petty carplings. The truth is, that though Lord Clanricarde is not virtuous, there must still be cakes and ale; and Lord Palmerston, with the anticipation of a well organised and powerful opposition on the question of abolishing the East India Company, was glad to attach to his cohort a ready, fluent speaker, tolerably well acquainted with the dreaded subject. Lord Derby carries too many guns for Lord Palmerston, or any other peer in the Palmerstonian interest; except, perhaps, Lord Granville, who cannot do all the work: the Duke of Argyll, to be sure, is always ready to have his little Highland fling, but he is too sputtery and bantam-like, and draws down no argument, but simply withering sarcasm, from the chief of the great house of Stanley; so that a man with some "gilt of the gab" was absolutely required in the Upper House. Unless, indeed—as looks more than probable, from the leader in Tuesday's "Times"—unless Sir Henry Bulwer Lytton should have the embassy at Constantinople, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe remain in England to help the Ministers to do battle!

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

THE CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.

ALTHOUGH we, individually, are ageing, and growing year by year more dull, and more difficult to amuse; although Boxing Night to us is but a time of toil, when practical fun and wordy facetiousness alike are witnessed and listened to as a mere matter of duty, although nothing even in mimic stage life is as piquant or as interesting as it used to be; yet the conventional traditions still survive, and those who are pushing us from our forms crowd—with excitement equaling, if not excelling, that which animated us of old—to those amusements which, in numbers swelling with every successive year, Christmas time provides for them. Those who study and reflect upon such matters will perceive even in them the practical spirit of the age; will notice how fun—genuine, uproarious, hearty, nonsensical fun—is gradually being superseded by talent and science; they will find that the writers of pantomimes now work (heaven save the mark!) "with a purpose;" they will hear Clowns praised for their "neatness"—they will actually go through the night without the introduction of the red-hot poker, and will find audiences divided in their calls between "Hot Codlins" and parodies on popular dancers! A few years ago and burlesque appeared about to drive the old-fashioned pantomime from the stage, and now two or three houses give us a hybrid entertainment, called a "union" of the two. Gone are the big heads, the gigantic noses, the dull roaring voices, the enormous stomachs of our youth; gone are the lines in the playbills so lovingly lingered over, importing that Gorgonoso would be "afterwards Clown;" gone is the reckless joviality, the amusement derived from the sheer nonsense of everything about us. We are much more clever, much more refined, much less boisterous, much more dull. Managers, however, find no falling off, numerically speaking, in their audiences; never were all the houses better filled than on Saturday night; and, indeed, never on any former occasion, perhaps, was such an audience seen within the walls of DRURY LANE.

From the topmost row of the gallery to the very back of the pit seethed a sea of human faces; and though at most of the other houses quiet was observed, here the cat-calls, shrieks, whistles, cries of "Ar-ree!" and objectionable epithets, raged in all their pristine vigour. The first piece, "Too Much of a Good Thing," was played entirely in dumb show, and it was not until the curtain rose for the pantomime that anything like order was restored. In "Little Jack Horner; or, Harlequin A B C," Mr. E. L. Blanchard has scarcely been so successful as usual. In his desperate strivings to point his moral he has omitted to adorn his tale with the requisite amount of fun and amusement, and the opening, therefore, lacks lightness and variety. The entire story consists of the adventures of Little Jack Horner, who is the adopted child of Intelligence, makes his way through the world fighting, and eventually overcoming, all the obstacles which Ignorance throws in his path. With his magic sword, Perseverance, he conquers Spelling, Pot-hooks, and all the Parts of Speech, and when in sheer despair Ignorance confines him at the bottom of the sea, even there Intelligence finds him out, and casts light upon his darkness through the medium of the Electric Cable. This last success closes the contest, and the transformation takes place in the Coral Palace—perhaps the most magnificent scene that even Mr. Beverley's genius has yet

invented. The effect upon the audience was tremendous, and Mr. Beverley and Mr. E. T. Smith were both summoned upon the stage to receive the applause which they had justly earned—the one by his talent; the other by his liberality. The comic scenes which followed were not very funny, and were carelessly spun out; for in this case, as in all others where there is a "couple company," each Clown remains on the stage three times as long as he properly should, with the view of outshining his successor. The pantomimists were Messrs. Bleno, Flexmore, Barcos, Milano, the Elliott Family, Madame Boleno and Madame Auriol; while Miss Rosina Wright, by her admirable dancing and constant good humour, contributed in no mean degree to the success of the entertainment.

At the HAYMARKET, Mr. Buckstone has taken the good old legend of the "Sleeping Beauty," and turned it into a literal Pantomime, for throughout the performance scarcely a hundred lines are spoken. This is perhaps an advantage, for we have the more leisure to admire the beautiful scenery which his scene-painter, Mr. Calcott, has provided. The transformation-scene—the Golden Grove of the Fairies—with its amaranthine columns, is one of the loveliest conceptions ever witnessed. The harlequinade is better than the average, and the tricks and transformations have occasionally some bearing. Mr. Arthur Leclercq, as Harlequin; his brother Charles as Clown; and Mr. Mackay, as Pantaloon, were all very good. Miss Fanny Wright, too, made a clever Columbine; but the success of the evening rested with Miss Louise Leclercq, whose grace, elegance, and vivacity as the Sleeping Beauty and Harlequina, made a great impression on the audience, and were rewarded with constant applause.

Mr. Kean did wisely in commencing the evening at the PRINCESS'S with "The Corsican Brothers," for the very best of all dramatised Ghost Stories kept the audience, crammed and sweltering though they were, thoroughly quiet, and pleasantly prepared them for the reception of Mr. Morton's New Pantomime "Harlequin and the White Cat; or, The Princess Blancheflower and Her Fairy Godmothers." In this the old fairy story was pretty closely followed; the three fairies who have acted as sponsors to the Princess endow her with the gifts of beauty, wisdom, and good temper, while the malignant and uninvited one appears, and changes her to her feline condition. Prince Broadgrinno, nephew of King Down-in-the-Mouth, tumbles overboard from his boat, saves the life of King Salmon by cutting a fish-hook out of his gills, is presented by him with an enormous pearl, and safe returns to terra firma. He enters the palace of the bewitched Princess, sees her surrounded by her court of tortoise-shell lords and tabby ladies, falls in love with her, complies with her request by cutting off her head and tail, restores her to her pristine beauty, marries her, and brings about the change. Up to this point all is exceedingly good; the scenery is beautiful; the masks of the comic characters are specially grotesque, and the Cats are admirably dressed. But the Harlequinade, though it brings us Miss Caroline Adams as the handsomest of Columbines, and Mr. Co-mack as one of the most graceful of Harlequins, was dull. Mr. Hulme, the Clown, has not a morsel of fun in his composition, and his very agility becomes oppressive. No satire, no joke, much spine-bending, and little laughter.

"Lalla Rookh" is the subject chosen this year by Mr. William Brough for the burlesque opening of the Christmas Entertainment at the LYCEUM, and the various episodes of Moore's poem have been worked into an ingenious farrago, well constructed, and brilliantly written. Mrs. Alred Mellon is Feramor; Mrs. C. Dillon, Lalla Rookh; Mr. Calhaem, Fadlaheen; Mrs. Buckingham White, Hafed the King of the Fire Worshippers; and Mr. Toole, Khorsabad, a dreadful villain in his suite. Mr. Brough's dialogue is smart and sparkling, and his parodies good and well chosen. The transformation scene by Mr. Fenton, is perhaps the most gorgeous of the year. Scarcely so poetical in his conception as some of his compeers, this gentleman has a speciality for the happy combination of brilliant effects. The burlesque was very well played, Mr. Toole being specially remarkable for the spirit and gusto with which he acted. The Harlequinade was supported by Messrs. Stilt and Tom Matthews as Clowns, Mr. Ricketts as Harlequin, Mr. A. Stilt as Pantaloon, and Misses Adelaide Malcolm and Maria Lees as Columbines. The burlesque on Christmas Eve was preceded by Messrs. Edmund Yates and H. Harrington's farce of "My Friend from Leatherhead."

Disdaining the aid of the Countess D'Aulnois, Mr. Robert Brough has invented his own fairy story for his burlesque at the OLYMPIC. "The Duke of Duralto, or, the Enchanted Eyes," sparkling, brilliant, witty as it is, lacks interesting plot and well-woven construction. The thread is soon entangled, and the story, never very interesting, wears by its complication. Moreover, the songs are not well selected. Where was the parodist of "Poor Dog Tray," when he relied for his success on "Hoop to doodum doo," and the novelty of "Kate Kearney"? Of the dialogue it is needless to speak. Mr. Robert Brough is the wittiest man of the day, and turns his wit to better account than any; I trust his next efforts may be turned to the elucidation of some story—no matter how old—which will come to us with fresh force and interest, when seen from his ridiculous point of view. Mr. Robson acted very well, of course; but I wish his authors would let him develop some other phase than raving lunacy or helpless idiocy—there is nothing that he cannot touch if they would allow him. Miss Wyndham looked very handsome, and played with great spirit; so did Miss Cotterill, who is perhaps the handsomest young lady now on the stage. Mr. Horace Wigan did his author good service; but oh! Mr. Brough, why not give a better part to our old friend, Mr. G. Cooke, an excellent actor, and a great favourite with the audience? The piece was produced with the greatest liberality and good taste.

If the burlesque opening of the entertainment at the ADELPHI, written by Mr. Selby, and called "The Loves of Cupid and Psyche," is not specially witty, it is amusing and good-natured, and affords plenty of scope for the varied acquirements of Mr. Paul Bedford, Miss M. Keeley, and Mr. Wilton, and above all of Miss Billington, a very charming *debutante*. The succeeding harlequinade is too clever for my old-fashioned taste. The Harlequin and Columbine are both Indies—a *P. l'Indienne*. The Clown is a very agile, very active, very dreary man, who jumps marvellously, wears a moustache (!), and asks the leader of the band for "un peu de musique." From the decorous gravity of the Pantaloon, and the quality and cut of his clothes, one would imagine him to have recently stepped from a gallery of old family portraits. The transformation scene was very pretty.

"Romeo and Juliet" has been cleverly travestied at the SURREY, and the scenery, by Mr. Selby, is good. Mr. Buck is a good Clown of the new school, and Mr. Bradbury the best and most confiding Pantaloon of the day.

A skit upon the various theatres, and the tendency to undervalue Shakespeare, is, appropriately enough, the best feature in the SADBLES WELLS pantomime of "Beauty and the Beast."

ASTLEY'S has made a great hit with "Don Quixote." A "monster expanding cat, with twelve milk-white steeds abreast," causes such roars of approbation as to produce fears of a premature settlement of the already unsteady piles of Westminster Bridge.

I have had no time to get as far as the STANDARD; but I hear, from good authority, that it has the best pantomime of the year, and that the BRITANNIA is very little behind it.

MR. THACKRAY presided at the annual dinner in support of the Commercial Travellers' School on Saturday.

MR. DICKENS read his "Christmas Carol" at Chatham on Tuesday week.

THE ELECTION FOR BUCKINGHAMSHIRE terminated on Saturday in the return of Mr. Cavendish, the Liberal candidate, by a majority of 161, the numbers being for Cavendish, 1,617; for Hamilton, 1,456.

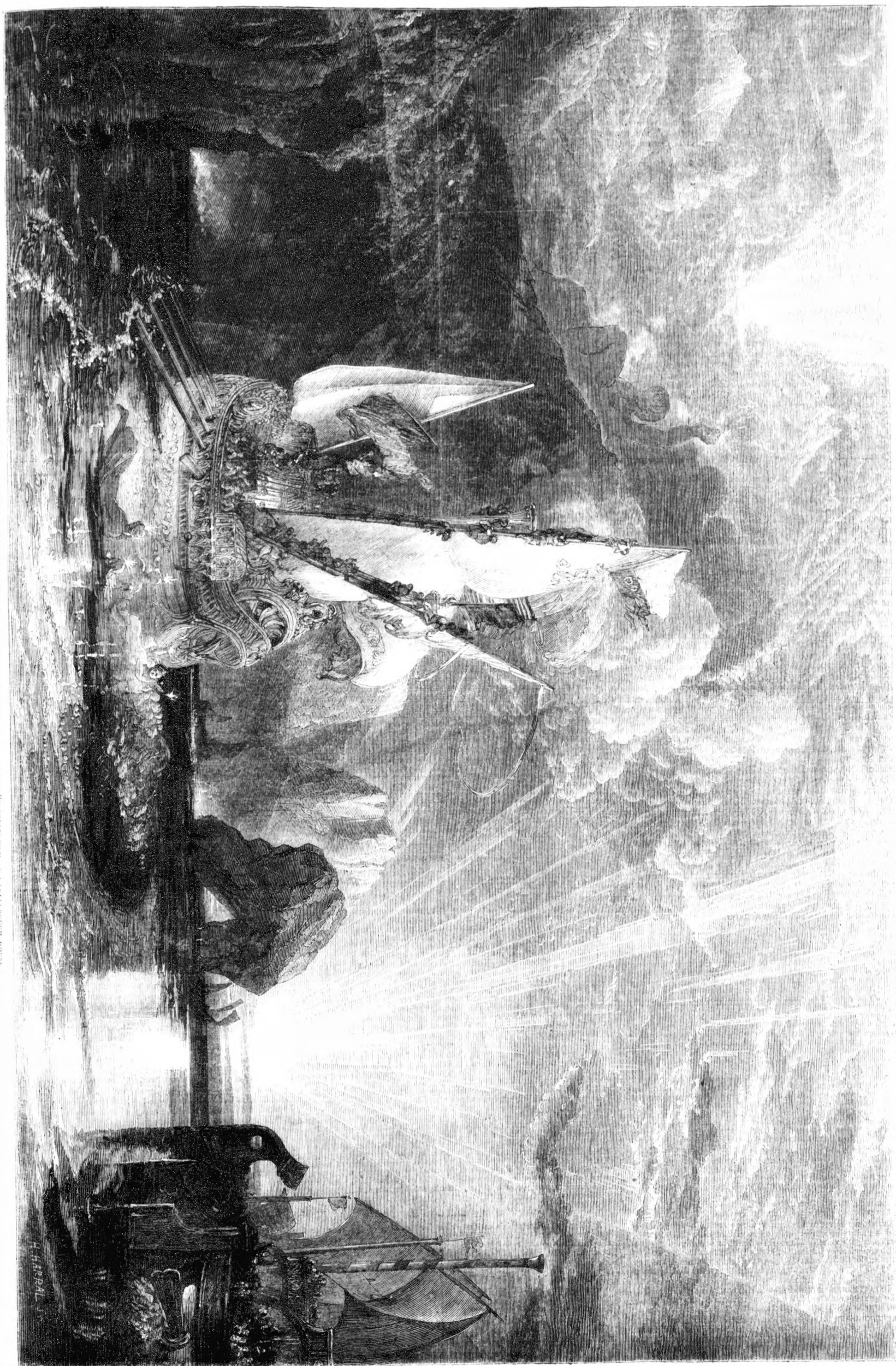
THE PORCE is said to be favourable to the demand of the Latin Fathers to be permitted to repair the cupola of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at their own expense. The Latin Fathers had received the support of the French Government.

ANOTHER JUFFOSSE AFFAIR.—The principle laid down by the Evreux jury will have to be tested afresh. In the town of Brie (department M.-seine), a laquy called Basset, nicknamed Fanfan, aged eighteen, had met a young lady gathering nuts at some "Nutting Hill" or Shepherd's Bush; and he contrived to obtain admission furtively to the young lady's apartment. The father, suspecting some wrong, ordered her brother, aged seventeen, to sleep in her room with a loaded gun. Fanfan, on the 21st of December, made his appearance at nine in the evening; the brother shot him at the window—the contents of a double-barrelled gun lodging in the thorax. Son and father were arrested.



"DINNA YE HEAR IT, DINNA YE HEAR IT? IT'S THE SLOGAN O' THE HIGHLANDERS—WE'RE SAVED, WE'RE SAVED!"

[JESSIE BROWN AT LUCKNOW.—(DESIGNED BY C. KEENE.)]



USS-ESSEX DELIVERING POLYTHEMUS.—(PAINTED BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., FROM THE COLLECTION AT ADELPHI HOUSE.)

JESSIE BROWN AT LUCKNOW.

THE incident of Jessie Brown, the Scotchwoman, hearing the "slogan" of the Highlanders, even above the booming of the cannonade, in the beleaguered Residency of Lucknow, and in the direct extremity of the devoted garrison, is one so romantic and so beautiful, that doubts have been thrown on its authenticity. We grant the poetical, the almost improbable picturesque nature of the anecdote; but we must remember the hackneyed, yet appropriate, axiom, that "truth is stranger than fiction." Would the wildest romance that ever was written have contained incidents half as wondrous, or as romantic, as those which have occurred during the course of the Indian mutinies? What poem can equal the story of the officer who shot his wife dead to save her from outrage, and then killed himself—of Osborne in his tent at Rewah—of Hodson slaying the two sons of the King of Delhi, and bidding the bystanders mark how the British Government punished rebels—or of the "Young Judith of Cawnpore," whose noble name, and the heroism of whose great revenge, will shine like a lamp for ages in the great history of the English land?

Our artist has aptly shadowed forth the stirring event of the relief of Lucknow. Jessie Brown has evidently been listening with the ears of her heart. Her eye dilates, her hand trembles, her voice falters. The guns may thunder, the mortars roar, the balls whistle; but she hears it, she hears it: the long, wild, plaintive moan of the pipes, the world-famous "slogan" of the indomitable Highlanders—whose sound the dying Wolfe heard at Quebec, and Moore at Corunna—whose wail dismayed Napoleon at Waterloo—whose note struck terror to the Muscovite at Balaclava, and stirred the blood of the "thin red line" of the children of Gael. "The Campbells are coming!" ay, verily, and one Campbell has come already—high Colin; and the slogan of the Highlander shall play out till the howling of the jungle-tiger shall subside into a whine.

ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS.

PAINTED BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. MARLBOROUGH HOUSE COLLECTION.

THE Turner collection at Marlborough House may peculiarly be termed priceless. It would be impossible to fix a sum which should represent the value of the "mad" pictures of our great master's dotage, the incomprehensible chromatic "lunes" which call themselves "Venice," and "Wellington," and "Rain, Steam, and Speed;" but, on the other hand, there are canvases in this gallery as purely priceless through their splendour and their sublimity—through the grandeur of their conception and the perfection of their finish—through their exquisite beauty and their inimitable grace. Such things cannot be bought and sold. The Koh-i-noor is not to be appraised; a lock of Napoleon's hair is a thing unbuyable; there are no sketches by Michael Angelo in the market; and, on the like principle, a grand picture by Turner is not purchasable, even though he who desiderates it should offer to cover it with pieces of gold, or back it with five-pound notes.

"Ulysses deriding Polyphemus" bears the date of 1829: the grand half-way year of the painter's glorious journey through the Valley of Beautiful Shadows. It is almost impossible, looking at the glowing scene, to avoid the belief that Turner must have been a man steeped in classic lore to the very lips, who felt the old Homeric life in every limb—who had listened to the Alcaic lute, and warmed himself by Pindar's fire, and gone a-maying with Virgil, and drank Falernian (scorning Persian effeminacy) with Horace, and discoursed with Sallust (what time the sage knew not that the inexorable mountain was craving for fresh prey), and talked with babbling Pliny of impossible fishes, as strange and fabulous as the Python and the Symphalian birds, and heard Cicero thunder against Verres, and seen Caesar staving off his creditors, and laughed while Juvenal cracked his savage whip, and listened to the sounding prose of Livy. Yet, after all, this was but Joe Turner the barber's son in Maiden Lane; with ne'er a verb or a declension in his head, quite unconscious of Mars, Apollo, Virorum, and Co.; and who could as soon construe Sanscrit as contracted Greek. Only through the medium of bald translations could the unlettered painter learn how Ajax sukked, how Ulysses plotted, how Hector vaunted, how Penelope temporised, and how the old men at the Thraian Gate, seeing Helen pass, forgave her the woe of Troy for her beauty's sake. Yet he was worthy to illustrate the deathless numbers of the blind old King of Song, for Heaven had made him intuitively classical, had welded about his neck that jewelled yoke which sits so lightly and is so prized—the yoke of servitude to beauty; had brightened his soul with the *Phos*, the *Lux*, the Light of artistic truth, had bidden him, too poor even to approach the threshold of the Temple, walk calmly through its great gates, and take his seat on the sacerdotal throne beside the Pontifex Maximus.

The technical excellences of the magnificent picture we have this week engraved have been so eloquently and so learnedly dwelt upon by that better Hazlitt, Mr. Ruskin, that extended criticism on Turner's colour, drawing, and perspective, as here exhibited, would on our part be as needless as imperinent. Encomium would run a risk of degenerating into florid platitude; admiration might assume the form of complimentary commonplace. The picture speaks for itself. It dazzles the eye at once, like that marvellous mirror in Rembrandt's picture of the "Judgment of Solomon." The gorgeous galley, the floating syrens, the caverned rocks, the purple mountains, the blessed sun raining gold and gems around, the peace of the dark blue waters, the impotent rage of that baffled bankrupt giant yonder on the steep, the echo of whose despairing howl seems to shake the sails of the ship—all tell their story plainly and distinctly. But one regret could we have in offering this picture to our subscribers: that we must, perforce, present it in black and white, and that we cannot render its beauties in the rainbow hues of the original.

THE PROPERTY OF MARRIED WOMEN.—The Act passed in the late session to enable married women to dispose of reversionary interests in personal estates, took effect from Thursday last, the 31st ult. The Act declares it shall be lawful for every married woman, by deed, to dispose of every future or reversionary interest, whether vested or contingent, of such married woman, or her husband in her right, in any personal estate whatsoever to which she shall be entitled, under any instrument made after the 31st of December, 1857; and also, to release or extinguish any power which may be vested in or limited or reserved to her, in regard to any such personal estate, as fully and effectually as she could do if she were a feme sole; and also, to release and extinguish her right or equity to a settlement out of any personal estate to which she, or her husband in her right, may be entitled in possession under any instrument, save and except that no such disposition, release, or extinguishment shall be valid unless the husband concur in the deed by which the same shall be effected, not unless the deed be acknowledged by her in the manner prescribed. The provision is not to extend to any reversionary interest to which she shall become entitled by virtue of any deed, will, or instrument, by which she shall be restrained from alienating or affecting the same. The deeds permitted by this Act are to be acknowledged in the same manner as deeds under the 3rd and 4th William, cap. 74, for abolishing fines and recoveries. The powers of disposition given by this Act are not to interfere with other powers, nor to extend to settlements of married women upon their marriage. The law is not to extend to Scotland.

PROGRESS OF TRADE.—The monetary crisis begins to tell on the monthly returns of the Board of Trade. The declared value of the exports for the month ending November is £8,255,815, showing a decrease of £2,000,000, as compared with November last year, and of £500,000 as compared with November, 1855. Upon cottons there is a decrease of £600,000; upon linens, £170,000; woollen yarns, £50,000; woollens, £70,000; wool, £50,000; silk, £65,000; oil-seed, £80,000; tin plates, £80,000. Generally speaking, the decline runs through all the items. The imports have a more favourable aspect.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—We have reason to believe that the following will be found to be a correct list of the preachers at these services during the month of January:—The first sermon, on the 3rd of January, will be preached by the Dean of Westminster; the second, on the 10th, by the sub-Dean; the third, on the 17th, by the Bishop of Oxford; the fourth, on the 24th, by the Dean of Canterbury; and the fifth, on the 31st, by the Rev. C. J. P. Eyre.

ALL THE DEPARTMENTS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM were closed on Friday (yesterday) for a week, as is usual at the commencement of the year. The new reading-room, large as it is, is very much crowded.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.—A Vienna letter of the 22nd says:—"Lord Stratford de Redcliffe still remains here, and as the English are generally desirous of spending Christmas with their families, his delay causes numerous conjectures. It is stated that on reaching Trieste he found some important despatches from Constantinople and from London, and that he has been detained by diplomatic negotiations relative more particularly to the affair of the Isthmus of Suez."

THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S MARRIAGE.

THE following is a sketch of the programme to be observed on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal:—

The Royal procession will enter the palace by the garden entrance from St. James's Park. To the rear of the palace there will be a large covered corridor, under which the Royal party will alight, and along which seats will be provided for privileged spectators. The procession will then proceed up the private staircase into the Royal boudoir, which is being magnificently refitted for the occasion. From this room the procession will pass to the throne room, where certain presentations will be made, and from thence the Royal party will pass through the state drawing-rooms to the present waiting-rooms, more than half of which are to be appropriated for the privileged visitors, for whom raised seats are provided, covered with rich red silk damask. From thence the procession will pass through the armory-room. On the staircase leading to the area in front of the Chapel Royal there will be a large gallery erected, capable of holding some two hundred persons. This passage and staircase are to be entirely renovated. From the staircase the Royal party will arrive in the open area where the band generally plays. Nearly half the area is being covered over to afford accommodation for some five or six hundred spectators. This part of the seats will be appropriated to that portion of the haute noblesse who will not be fortunate enough to obtain the entrée into the chapel itself. This latter building is being entirely renovated and prepared to accommodate the largest possible number of persons. The embrasure opposite the organ will be carried out rather more than ten feet, to accommodate the orchestra, which will comprise the principal artists and vocalists of English and foreign celebrity, as well as the élite of the boys of Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and the chief choirs in the kingdom. The altar will be magnificent, and will consist principally of the richest drapery that can be procured. In fact, no expense will be spared in rendering the Chapel Royal worthy of the occasion. Nothing seems to have been overlooked.

As might be expected, the applications for places to view the procession and ceremony already exceed by about ten times the amount of accommodation that can be afforded. Seats will be provided for about 1,500 persons; and never was Lord Chamberlain or Chief Commissioner of Works made so much of as at the present time. As much interest is being made, especially by the ladies, for a place to view the ceremony or procession, as under ordinary circumstances would procure capital official appointments. As to the Chapel Royal, that will be almost exclusively filled by the suites of the Queen, the Princess Royal, and the bridegroom, and the Royal guests who have been invited to this great gathering.

The wedding will take place on the 25th of this month, and will be over before twelve o'clock.

The Berlin correspondent of the "Times" says:—"According to the latest arrangements made here, Prince Frederick-William will leave this city on the 21st of January, attended by General Baron von Schreckenstein, Major-General von Molke, Major von Heinz, who is to be the Prince's Hofmarschall, or Master of the Household, his two personal attendants, and an orderly officer. The ladies and gentlemen of the Princess's future household, the Countess Marie zu Lynar and Walby von Hohenhalt, Ladies in Waiting, will proceed to London previous to the wedding, and enter on their duties about the Princess as soon as the nuptials are concluded. Not only will the Prince (?) and Princess of Prussia be present at the marriage, but most of the other members of the Royal family of Prussia will avail themselves of the Queen's invitation, and repair to London on this occasion."

"The newly-married couple will leave London February 2nd, and proceed from Dover to Antwerp in the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert; the 3rd of February is to be devoted to a visit to the Belgian Court at Brussels; on the 4th they will cross the Prussian frontier at Aix-la-Chapelle, and stop that night at Cologne. On the following day, the 6th of February, they pass on to Hanover, and, after a stay of a few hours there, will proceed as far as Magdeburg, where they will rest again, and on the 6th will arrive at Potsdam. February 7th will be passed in Potsdam, and possibly on the evening of that day the young couple will continue their progress to Charlottenburg, from which more convenient spot they will make their public entry into Berlin on the 8th of that month. The question of their stopping a night at Charlottenburg previous to the public entry doubtless depends upon the King's health and other circumstances."

"On the evening of the day of the entry into the capital there is to be a general illumination, which promises to be something unusually attractive. The gala opera which is to be given on this occasion—when doubtless the young married couple, as well as the whole Court, will be present—is to be Spontini's "Vestalin," a composition generally chosen for these occasions of pomp, not so much on the merit of its score as on the score of its merit—viz., as a musical spectacle."

Prince Frederick-William will probably take up his abode in the suite of apartments destined for his temporary abode in the Schloss even before he sets off from here to London; but this arrangement does not prevent him from bestowing unremitting attention to the progress of the palace that is being got ready for him. The exterior is now finished, with the exception of the portico, which is to be added to it; and the interior is sufficiently far advanced for one to be able to appreciate the judicious and convenient alterations that have been made in it. One of the most prominent ornaments, that will strike the eye of every visitor immediately on entering the main hall, will be a statue that will stand on the first landing-place of the main staircase, representing the late King, who lived and died under the roof, and whose memory is so closely intertwined with this "old King's palace," that he may be looked on as the genius of the place. At the foot of this staircase two marble Victories will stand and form an arch of entrance to it by the interweaving of the sprays of palm which they extend towards each other over their heads; these two Victories may be looked on as allegorising the glorious days of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, that laid open the joint path of victory to La Belle Alliance, that well-named precursor of the event now about to crown the happy results of a by-gone struggle. The Ged-ek Halle, in the new Palace, which the talent and munificence of Berlin intends to adorn with choice works of art, as a testimonial of respect and attachment to the future occupants of the palace, will hardly be so richly fitted up as its originators contemplated in the first instance."

MACAULAY'S "NEW ZEALANDER."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ILLUSTRATED TIMES."

If it be a question of any interest, whence Macaulay derived the idea of his "New Zealander," you will, perhaps, allow me to suggest as a far more probable source than that named by your correspondent, "J. H.," a fragmentary poem of Kirk White's, designated "Time," in which the following passage occurs:—

"Where now is Britain? . . . O'er her marts,

Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry

Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash

Of distant billows, break alone the void.

Even as the savage sits upon the stone

That marks where stood her capitol, and hears

The bitter booming in the weeds, he shrinks

From the dismaying solitude."

I have curtailed the quotation from regard to your space, but the idea is wrought out with great force and beauty in the context. But why need we be anxious to discover the origin of Macaulay's idea? Has not that brilliant writer thrown around it the halo of his peculiar genius, and made it his own by that which is more than equivalent to the original conception?

Shrewsbury. W. PHILLIPS.

I observe in your last impression a letter from "J. H.," on a celebrated passage in Macaulay's "Essays," to which his quotation from Lady Morgan's novel certainly bears some resemblance, although its value might have been greater had the "date" of "Florence McCarthy" been given.

I think the following (which I copy from my common-place book), having been published in 1819, must claim priority of date to either Macaulay or Lady Morgan's novel. It occurs in the "Dedication to Peter Bell the Third," and will be found in the edition of Shelley's "Poetical Works," published by Moxon, in 1839:—"Hoping that the immortality which you have given to the Fudges you will receive from them; and in the firm expectation that when London shall be an habitation of bitters, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some transatlantic commentators will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism, the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges, and their historians."

Worcester. H. W.

Another correspondent claims the original conception of the idea for the historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," but Gibbon merely throws out a suggestion to the effect that probably "New Zealand may produce in some future age the Hume of the Southern Hemisphere."

MR. LAYARD has arrived at Bombay.

ENGLISH TROOPS are daily passing through Egypt. It was rumoured at Alexandria recently that the East India Company had made arrangements to send 1,000 men per month to India by way of Egypt.

FROM THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS we hear of little improvement in the way of trade. Indeed, the reports from some places—and those the most important—are even more unsatisfactory than they were two or three weeks ago.

* "Florence MacCarthy" was first published in 1818.—Ed.

JUVENILE GIFT-BOOKS.

The Fairy Godmothers, and other Tales. By Mrs. ALFRED GATTY.

Parables from Nature. By Mrs. ALFRED GATTY.

Legendary Tales. By Mrs. ALFRED GATTY.

London: Bell and Daldy.

EVERY child who has a tolerable acquaintance with the tales of "Mother Goose" or "Mother Bunch" is familiar with the incident of the Fairy appearing at the christening, and standing Godmother to the infant. The gifts usually conferred on these occasions are beauty, wit, or riches—things which children understand, and which all the world appreciate. You may tell your young pupils as much as you like that such evident advantages—the influence of which is recognised at every step you take in life—are of no real benefit to the possessors, but they will continue not to believe you, and to think the fairies who bestowed them were the kindest fairies imaginable. Mrs. Alfred Gatty in her "Fairy Godmothers" introduces three fairies, who give beauty, riches, and love of employment, respectively, to three children. The beautiful child is perpetually thinking of herself, the rich one is inordinately fond of display, while the little girl who is fond of employment is of course constantly employed. But will any child believe that happiness consists in being constantly occupied? We think not, and in that case Mrs. Gatty's story loses most of its interest, from losing all its truthfulness. It is certainly an excellent thing to be rich and beautiful, and it is useless to attempt to teach children the contrary, though the abuse of Nature's gifts is a thing against which children may be warned with great propriety. One of the most interesting tales in Mrs. Gatty's collection is "Joachim the Mimic." Joachim meets with a genie who escapes from a sealed bottle, which has been cast by the waves on the seashore, and this genie in return for his liberation (which the boy has effected simply by breaking the bottle) bestows on little Joachim the gift of Imitation. In the course of the story she shows how Imitation is a faculty which may be devoted to the highest objects, or prostituted to the lowest. There is the Imitation of the most ignoble persons as performed by the jester in a circus, and there is the Imitation of Jesus Christ by Thomas à Kempis. Little Joachim, instead of becoming a poet or a painter, is content to be a mimic and a caricaturist. He can imitate all the limping, stuttering boys in the school, and his powers get him into serious trouble, for some of the lames ones and stutterers are nevertheless able to fight, and they respond to the satire of Joachim in their own rough manner with thumps and blows. Finally, Joachim's mother brings her moral influence to bear on the boy. She questions him as to the good, noble-looking boys in the school, and desires Joachim to give her some notion of their appearance, either by means of his pencil, or by the more direct process of imitation, applied to their gestures and bearing. Joachim's mind, however, is so full of mean, ridiculous, often iver images, that he is quite unable to reproduce the beautiful. But as he can at the same time appreciate beautiful forms, his utter inability to represent them is a source of much grief to him, now that his eyes have been opened by his good mother. Finally, his attention is given to high objects, and of course Imitation properly directed may lead to the noblest results.

Most, if not all, of these "Parables from Nature" appeared originally in the "Monthly Packet," a periodical which possesses a special circle of subscribers, though some of the chief contributors, such as the authoress of the "Heir of Redclyffe" and Mrs. Gatty, are well known to general readers by their books. These parables are Mrs. Gatty's most fortunate productions, for, although that lady has an excellent narrative style, she is most pleasing when she has no story to tell. The parables are simple, instructive, and highly interesting. "Active and Passive," containing the history of a dispute between a weathercock and a sun-dial, is perhaps one of the most philosophical; but the "Law of the Wood," teaching the advantages of mutual accommodation; "Motes in the Sunbeam," and "Not lost, but gone before," are equally suggestive.

We certainly like Mrs. Gatty's parables and allegorical tales better than her stories of real life. She possesses higher powers of reflection than of observation, and it appears to us that the only reason why her stories are not bad is because she possesses general literary attainments, which enable her, among other things, to tell stories, and not because she has any natural faculty for story-telling. The "Legend of Solagne," possesses scarcely any dramatic interest, but some of the opening remarks are admirable; and, although we shall not take the trouble to give the plot, we cannot do better than quote a few sentences from the introduction:—

"Iceland and China, Russia and America, each had their representative on my shelves. Old Troubadour poetry sat side by side with the Eddas of Scandinavian mythology; the folio Celtic dictionary stood up boldly by that of Persia; and the Italian Classics shone out among them all with a delicate, ghost-like appearance in their livery of vellum and gold. . . . But the books did me no good that night; so many of them (all the grammars and dictionaries, at any rate) contained old proverbs, and I was sick of proverbs, and could scarcely have listened to a maxim by Confucius with patience. Nor was this to be wondered at, for it is seldom agreeable to have to alter one's opinion; and I, who had been a profound admirer of these supposed concentrations of wisdom all my life, naturally felt mortified at having had a peep at the other side of the question. And yet every question has its two sides. A proverb is an excellent thing in its way. Full of wisdom—but the wisdom is limited. Full of observation—but the observation is often one-sided. Nothing, therefore, is more liable to be misused; and a genuine proverb monger—he who chills off your enthusiasm by a tame truism, and stops rational conversation by a platitude—is a pest to civilised society."

The "Legendary Tales," which consist of a "Legend of Solagne," the "Hundredth Birthday," and the "Treasure-Seeker," are illustrated by Phiz, and certainly form a most acceptable volume for Christmas; for although Mrs. Gatty's "parables" are better than her "stories," her stories are far superior to those of most authoresses who write for children.

MISS CORNER'S FIRST HISTORY OF ENGLAND THAT SHOULD BE PLACED IN THE HANDS OF A CHILD (Dean and Co.), is not a work of . . .

are called upon to say very much just now. We have no doubt, that it is very good, and we are aware that Miss Corner has a great reputation for books of the kind. All we know about the one before us is, that if we were a child, and had such a book (with scarcely a picture in it!) offered to us at Christmas, we should certainly pitch it away, and begin crying for some of Mr. Newman's or Mr. Bennett's amusing pictorial eccentricities. Nevertheless, if we were a father, and thought it worth while to try to "improve" our infant's mind, we might perhaps be tempted to purchase Miss Corner's "History," while, for a child who has made some advance in reading, it really possesses great attractions. Still there is a time for everything, and we protest against giving children "Histories of England" at Christmas.

In Mr. J. V. Barrett's REFLECTIONS (Dean and Co.) we find a number of amusing scenes, some of which have a touch of comedy in them. "The first time I catch that scoundrel Smith, I'll break my stick about his back," says a man of determined aspect, who has just entered a coffee-room, and who is armed with a cane of formidable dimensions. "That scoundrel Smith?" is sitting in the last box, and it is only by means of the looking-glass that his fear-stricken face can be perceived. "Tis the form of my own dear angel," says an insane lover, as he walks into a room. The "dear angel" has her back turned to the spectator, but the looking-glass enables you to discover that she has a complexion like a negress, and a face like a letter-box. "Never mind what your mistress says; you know what an old fidget she is," observes Mr. Brown to his pretty servant, who has just been scolded. Here, thanks again to the looking-glass, we have the privilege of seeing the awful face of Mrs. Brown, who is on the point of entering the apartment.

DEAN'S COMIC PICTURE SCRAP-BOOK, with rhymes to each picture, is sufficiently described in the title. The rhymes are by Mr. James Bishop, and, considering the heterogeneous nature of the subjects to which he has had to adapt his verse, we must say that he has acquitted himself respectably of a most difficult task.

We may conclude our notices of Messrs. Dean's new illustrated children's books by taking them *en masse*; for to bestow a separate paragraph on each of the works produced by these prolific publishers would really be impossible.

BABY'S PICNIC is one of a series of tales written by Mrs. Hannah Clay—the series being entitled "Dean's Tales for the Young." The EAST STORY-BOOK FOR LITTLE PEOPLE contains tales in one and two syl-

ables, about flowers, animals, good little girls, bad ones, boys, good boys, &c. The series called FOOTSTEPS FOR LITTLE FEET TO FOLLOW is a delightful one to be easily pronounced) includes the stories of "The White Violet," "The Blending of the Roses," "Ellen Grey," "The Snowfall of the Alps," &c. &c. These little books are neatly got up, and only cost twopence each—a fact which, we believe, is rather beneath the dignity of criticism even to allude to, but which we mention nevertheless. The last and by no means the least lively of the books on our list bears the name of OLD MERRY TALKS FOR YOUNG MERRY HEARTS. This also is cheap, prettily illustrated, and highly amusing.

JACK FROST AND BETTY SNOW (Griffith and Farran) is a series of tales for little children, with some excellent illustrations by Harrison Weir. The transcript proves that Mr. Weir is no mere rocky artist, but one who has seen real fawns and red deer. The stories are simple and pretty. The description of "Jack Frost and Betty Snow" in their Cottage of Ice at the North Pole, and of their journey southward—the mischief they did on their frolics until they were frightened back by the visit of Mr. Sun in "his glorious golden cloud, for a carriage, drawn by two horses, South Wind and West Wind," is capital.

The last story on our list is the ADVENTURES OF BIDDY DORKING AND THE STORY OF THE YELLOW FROG, by Mrs. S. C. Hall (Griffith and Farran). This is also illustrated by Mr. Weir, and is one of those books which have ever fascinated children, and not only young children, but children of a larger growth; for the apologue or fable, in which birds and beasts, fishes and inanimate things, are made to talk like human beings, was one of the earliest and most favoured mediums for conveying instruction. We have one in the Bible, 3,000 years old, in which the trees are represented as going forth to seek for a king, and saying to the olive tree, "Reign thou over us." Well, these stories by Mrs. Hall are of the same class, and are used for the same purpose: to point a moral—and very good indeed is the moral which "Biddy Dorking" is intended to enforce. The personage who bears this name is a Dorking hen, who, living in a farmyard, is scandalised that "Lilly Aylesbury," a duck, should allow her children to grow up in such bad habits, such as pecking in the mud for grubs, and dabbling in the pond; for her part, she did not approve of so much cold water, and why did not the ducklings eat barley, like other respectable fowls? And when Lilly had laid some eggs, Biddy undertook to hatch them, and bring them up to proper habits. And for some time after the ducklings left the shell she succeeded in keeping them away from the pond; but one day, when she marshalled them down to show the real mother what respectable children Biddy had made the brood, they all ran into the pond to their real parents, to the great dismay of poor Biddy. The moral is easily seen; and many great functionaries might profit by it.

NEW MUSIC.

Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, edited by J. W. DAVISON (Boosey & Sons).—Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" have been given to the world in seven books, the last of which was not collected and published until after the composer's death. Messrs. Boosey now offer the first six books to the public, at a price scarcely equal to that which would be paid for three ordinary piano-forte pieces; yet, in the Mendelssohn Album, there are as many as thirty-six of those perfect though unpretending little works, which have contributed far more than the symphonies and overtures to render the composer's name a word of gladness throughout the musical circles of Europe. It is a somewhat trite observation, that great authors are indebted for most of their reputation to their smallest works. People will always read Johnson's "Rasselas," Voltaire's "Candide," Goldsmith's "Vicar," &c.; and as Milton himself is better known by "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso" than by the "Paradise Lost," so Mendelssohn will certainly owe his future celebrity—at all events his future popularity—to the "Lieder ohne Worte." A great man goes down to posterity, and is himself unaware how he is to get there.

Mr. J. W. Davison has studied Mendelssohn deeply and lovingly, not as Mr. Oulibisheff has examined Beethoven. In a very interesting preface to the edition before us, he divides the "Songs without Words" into four classes. First, those in which the genuine ballad form is preserved; secondly, those in which the form of the lied is extended, the principal themes being longer and the rhythms less confined within prescribed limits; thirdly, "character pieces," marked by a peculiar rhythm and feeling; and fourthly, those which are constructed for the most part after the model of regular movements in sonatas. The editor devotes much space to a consideration of the character pieces, and tells a charming anecdote about the "Frühling-lied" and its peculiar accompaniment, which appears to have suggested itself when the composer was surrounded by a number of children, who clutched at his fingers as he sat at the piano playing. Thanks to the exertions of his young tormentors, Mendelssohn constantly missed some chord, but he played an arpeggio instead; so that the accompaniment, as it at present exists is a monument of the composer's amiability, philosophy, science, and also, we think, of his humour.

The Verdi Album (Boosey & Sons).—Here we have twenty-five melodies, with English and Italian words, from Verdi's most successful operas. In addition to the principal airs from the "Proteus," "Traviata," "Rigoletto," "Nino," "Lombardi," and "Ernani," the album contains specimens of several of Verdi's operas, which have not yet been heard in England. Among the new music we may call attention to the beautiful prayer from "Joan of Arc" (sung by the heroine); the air from "Luigia Miller," "Softly the breeze;" the simple, expressive ballad, from "Oberto," "Fare thee well;" and the serenade, from "Simon Boccanegra," "Fields by sweet flowers deserted." The words, we should add, are given both in Italian and in English.

Brinley Richards's New Vocal Album (Cocks & Co.).—A sacred song the melody of which is pleasing, but of a decidedly secular cast, the words by Bishop Heber; an admirable duet, easy to sing, and easy to retain; a quartet, and two trios. The final trio, to be sung without accompaniment, is lively, spirited, and melodious; and if glee-singers have any taste (which we doubt), it will become very popular.

The Troika: Russian Driver's Song. Sung by Miss Dolby. Words translated, and Music arranged by H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS (Boosey & Sons).—This is certainly the prettiest of all the Russian national melodies. The driver, or postillion (jämstchik), is the sentimental character in the popular songs, romances, and dramas of Russia. He travels thousands of miles by land as the British sailor performs voyages of indefinite length by sea; and it is to him that the blue-eyed girls by the road-side give their hearts as the Sala and Polies of England bestow theirs on the interesting tar. The hero of the "Troika," which means a team of three horses (the usual number supplied at the post-houses), has, however, been unfortunate in his love; and his lament, of which the words and music are equally popular in Russia, has just been published by Messrs. Boosey, under the generally unintelligible title which stands at the head of this notice. Of the many "postillions' songs" known in Russia the "Troika" is by far the best specimen, and Miss Dolby sings it admirably.

Dreams of the Past. By FRANCES HORDERN (Novello).—Did the lady who has composed these twelve airs in triple time waltz away the greater part of her early life, and does the past now re-visit her in the form of waltz music? These graceful melodies, without a specific name, and without either introduction or coda, are in fact a suite of waltzes; but as they are intended for dreamers and not for dancers, the composer does not restrict herself to the usual waltz accompaniment. They might be termed waltzes without waltzers.

The Delhi Galop (Augener) is dedicated by its composer, THOMAS FOSTER, to the officers of the 9th Lancers. It is a spirited composition; but we do not admire the taste which selects such a title for it.

Siamese March for the Pianoforte, by STEPHEN GLOVER (Cocks and Co.).—This march is simply a bigger melody (now happily forgotten), which Mr. Glover thinks is good enough for a Siamese march.

You needna come Courtin' o' me, the "poetry" by A. TRAILL, Esq.; the music by W. T. WRIGHTON (Cocks & Co.), appears at first to be a Scotch song, but after reading a few lines we meet with the word "honey," which suggests Ireland, and a little further on the name Jenny, which we

believe belongs more particularly to England. The music, which is by the popular composer of the "Postman's Knock," is not very remarkable, but the "poetry" is remarkable in the extreme.

The People's Polka, by ELLEN L. GLASCOCK (Addison & Co.).—Miss Glascock has composed several successful pieces of dance music, and the animated and melodious polka now before us must be already known to many of our readers—certainly to those who have been present at the performance of the Drury Lane pantomime, in which it is introduced with much effect. The proceeds from the sale of this polka are to be given to the Indian Relief Fund.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE has re-opened for another short season previous to the grand campaign. Giuglini and Puccini have been singing in Berlin, and return to London covered with German laurels. The great Mr. Relstab, who is not much if not critical, admires them—so that now we know they are good. However, most people were fully convinced of the merit of Mr. Lumley's two great vocalists long before they appeared at the Berlin opera, where, by-the-bye, there are seldom any good singers, with the exception of the chorus, which is always admirable. The "Trovatore" was played at her Majesty's Theatre on the opening night.

Mr. Henry Leslie, whose choir of amateurs have earned a high and well-merited reputation during the last three years, appeared last week to a "popular" audience at St. Martin's Hall. England is rich in madrigals and part-songs (which, indeed, is the only national music we possess), and it is certain that a choral society, such as that established by Mr. Leslie, must always meet with success, either in London or in the provinces. The only wonder is that a larger number of these associations are not formed. At it is, England may certainly be ranked next to Germany as to the efficiency of its vocalists in rendering choruses. Its superiority to France in this respect is quite surprising, when we reflect what a high position Frenchmen claim seriously for their country in everything relating to the arts. The gross incompetency of the choral unions of France was made sufficiently evident at the ceremony which took place in the Palace of Industry on the occasion of its closing, while the admirable efficiency of the provincial harmonic societies of England was established in the most satisfactory manner at the Handel Festival.

Mr. Leslie has certainly drilled his amateurs into a model choir, and they can now only be called amateurs in this sense—that they are really lovers of their art.

The first part of the concert at St. Martin's Hall consisted of two madrigals of the sixteenth century; two part-songs—one by Persall and the other by Macfarren; the prelude and fugue in A minor, by Bach, executed by Miss Arabella Goddard; a trio for female voices, by Benedict, and a part-song, composed expressly for the choir by Mr. Henry Leslie. We believe Bach's piece for the piano had never been played in public before—that is to say, not in England—and it was impossible to introduce it under better auspices than those of Miss Goddard. The madrigals and part-songs were performed with wonderful ensemble and effect, and the compositions by Mr. Benedict and Mr. Leslie were especially successful. In the second part we had an admirable part-song by Mr. Henry Smart, written expressly for the choir; Thalberg's arrangement of "Home, Sweet Home," played by Miss Goddard, and Mendelssohn's spirited and characteristic "Eastern Drinking Song," for male voices, which the choir have already rendered popular. We observe that Handel's "Funeral Anthem" is to be repeated on the 21st of January.

PROFESSOR FARADAY'S CHRISTMAS LECTURES.

PROFESSOR FARADAY, on Monday, commenced his customary Christmas course of lectures—addressed to a juvenile auditory, at the Royal Institution. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales attended, and occupied a chair immediately in front of the lecture table. The subject of the course was static electricity, and Professor Faraday commenced his lecture by repeating the declaration he made several years ago, that of the nature of electricity he knows nothing, and that the longer he lives the more convinced he becomes of his ignorance of the nature of that force. Of its facts, and of the laws that govern its operation, he said he had indeed attained considerable knowledge, and some of that knowledge he hoped to be able to impart to his young audience. His object, in the first instance, was to show how readily, and from what a variety of bodies, electric force can be excited. He then called upon his audience to consider the fact, that by friction these substances were converted from apparently inert bodies into active powers which attracted other bodies and emitted light. Professor Faraday laid particular stress on the fact (which he exemplified, that during the excitement of electricity by friction, the rubber becomes equally electrical with the substance that is rubbed. The Professor then proceeded to show that the chemical composition of electrics may also be essentially different. For this purpose gutta serena and gun cotton were selected as opposite instances. Several illustrations were given of the excitement of electricity that is constantly taking place without our notice by the ordinary actions of life; such, for instance, as the combing the hair when it is dry, and rubbing the feet on the carpet. The latter effect was shown by touching the top of the electrometer, whilst the professor rubbed his feet on a mat. The rubbing of paper with india-rubber also generates electricity abundantly, and this was illustrated by placing a sheet of foolscap paper, after having been rubbed on an insulated stand, near the gas-burner, and on suddenly removing the paper a spark was emitted which set fire to the gas. The accumulation of electricity by electrical machines was next shown, first by one of the globe machines used by the earliest electricians, which was excited by a ribbon held in the hand, and afterwards by the powerful cylinder and plate machines of the institution. Professor Faraday impressed on his audience that these larger effects were exactly the same in kind, and depended on the same principle, as the excitement of electricity by the rubbing a stick of sealing-wax on a piece of cloth, and that his audience might at their own homes, and without any special apparatus, exemplify the leading facts of electricity.

At the conclusion of the lecture the young Prince shook hands with Professor Faraday, who did not, as on a former occasion, address the lecture to his Royal Highness. The "Chronicle" remarks: "The Prince has grown very much since we saw him at the last year's lectures. He has changed the youthful 'turn-down' for the manly 'stand-up' collar, and has assumed the toga virilis in the shape of a cut-away-coat."

CHRISTMAS REVELS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE greatest complaint that has ever been made against the Fairy Prism at Sydenham is but a paraphrase of Sir Charles Goldstream's yawning lament, that there is "nothing in it." In truth, the wondrous structure is so vast, that such trifles as the Pompeian House, the Alhambra, Renaissance, and Ceramic Courts, are popularly, so to speak, but as needles in a bottle of hay. The hugest, spikiest, most prickly exotics which the hothouse genius of Sir Joseph Paxton could force, are but green specks in the enormous vista. Stalls of fancy ware, machinery, pictures, photographs thickly crowded as their proprietors endeavour to make them, are but oases isolated in the midst of this crystal desert; and the statues, multifarious as they are, only glisten like caraway-seeds in a school-cake, or like angels' visits, "few and far between."

To fill the Crystal Palace would make an excellent thirteenth labour for Hercules; and we may anticipate the accomplishment of the feat about the same time that the casks of the Danaides are bunged up for good and

all. The Queen and the Emperor Napoleon once tried to fill it, but exclusiveness and etiquette limited the attendance to as narrow a circumference as the congregation which is pent up within the choir of Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's while the rosy naves are left to desolate solitude. Mr. Spurgeon made an almost successful attempt to fill the gigantic structure on the day of Solemn Fast and Humiliation, when more than 20,000 of the unconverted crowded to hear the "Young Timothy," who is on such friendly terms with the Angel Gabriel, and hits Apollony so hard. Then came the Handel Festival with its 2,500 performers, and its courtly throng of auditors; yet the immense assemblage that listened to the sublime Hallelujah Chorus was but a drop of water in the pellucid ocean of Fenge Park. The Crystal Palace, in short, is so large that all endeavours to fill it can only result in failure, and it ever (as we most sincerely hope may never be the case) it should happen that its attractions no longer draw even an ordinary pabulum of visitors, the only use to which, as far as we can see, Sir Joseph Paxton's monster greenhouse can be turned is to make it a shed for the unshunnable *Lerianthus*.

The directors of the Crystal Palace certainly deserve great credit for their last effort to people their magnificent property; and it was with very great gratification that we "assisted" (as the French term it) at the "Christmas revels," which commenced last Monday, and whose inauguration was witnessed by very nearly fifteen thousand people. Christmas is exactly the time when such revels should take place; and though there might be a diversity of opinion as to the propriety of surrendering a "temple" dedicated to art and science to Mr. Frampton, the dancing-master, and Mr. Nelson Lee, the pantomimist, still, remembering that "Christmas comes but once a year," we feel disposed to pardon the æsthetic solecism, and take the Grimaldi and Puck and Judy rejoicings which have taken place this week in "ye house of glasse" cum grano salis.

Let us endeavour to give our readers a notion of the appearance of the Palace on Monday last. The ordinary industrial, artistic, and scientific furniture of the transept and the naves were as apparent as ever; and oddly intermingled with the commercial announcement of this firm's cutlery, and that firm's stationery, were crimson banners emblazoned with mottoes alluding to "Merry Christmas," "Jovial Christmas," and "Jolly Christmas." At the intersections of the transept hung two ruddy pennons inscribed with the beaming invitation—

"Boys and girls, come out to play,
This is Christmas holiday!"

Beneath Messrs. Gray and Davison's organ there was a huge cartoon in the likeness of a playing card, and representing the "Queen of Hearts"—the Queen being, of course, our Most Gracious Lady, Queen Victoria, who, if she would only refrain from sending us those ugly "greetings" on parchment, commanding us, within eight days, to enter an appearance before John, Lord Campbell, at Westminster, we would gladly welcome as the Sovereign of our entire diaphram. Garlands of evergreens hung from girder to girder, and were entwined about the iron columns; and at the south-eastern extremity of the building there was a gigantic portrait, in colours, of that friend of our youth, whose only weakness is a want of perception of the laws of *menum* and *funum* as regards sausages and babies—our painted, grinning, "here we are" Christmas acquaintance, Clown.

There was a Terpsichorean performance by some of Mr. Frampton's pupils on the "opera" stage; and after that Professor Logrenzi, the wizard, went through a short *seance* of legerdemain. He was a very mild wizard, was Professor Logrenzi, and his transformations were not very wonderful; but he brought them to a triumphant termination by producing about fifty white pocket-handkerchiefs from apparently nothing at all, and there was great clapping of hands and crying of "bravo." Then there was the levitation plum-cake, which looked so handsome with its glittering decorations that we could scarcely abide the thought that it should ever be eaten. It must be eaten, however, some day, we suppose. The most superb trifle must be invaded by ruthless spoons, the daintiest Chantilly basket remorselessly broken up; even the sponge-cake elephant of our childhood—the elephant that went to so many evening parties, yet always returned to the confectioner's shop-window, and which seemed to be perennial—fell a prey at last, we believe, to the iconoclastic zeal of Mr. Albert Smith, who deprived him of his trunk at a highly-respectable supper-table at Brompton.

The "boys and girls who were invited to come and to play" responded (through their next friends, their papas and mammas) to the invite with the most joyous alacrity. It positively made one's heart dance to see the crowds of delightful little lots of children, chattering, and prattling, and toddling, and racing, and pressing forward with a happy eagerness, God bless them! to see the gay shows. There were children of all ages there: Miss in her teens, who has just been confirmed, and leaves boarding-school at Easter; little Missy, who is in the nursery still; young Master, with a preternaturally gruff voice and an incipient whisker, who stares hard at all the young ladies till they look at him in return, when he blushes and retreats, and who is thinking of abandoning turn-down collars for the orthodox all-rounder; and little master—"young Troublesome," Jacky home for the holidays, a young rogue in a black velvet tunic and chubby bare legs. The present writer has seen little children belonging to many different nations; so is weak enough to love the little people wherever he finds them—to love them for their honest, innocent, generous, lovable sakes—to love them because they do not do bills, and do not "come down to this house," and never call you their dear friends when they would like to poison you; but he can conscientiously declare that he never saw so many pretty, happy children as were at the Crystal Palace on the last Monday in this present year of grace. He came down by the rail with two prize children—shiny-faced, bright-eyed, silver-voiced little lams—a boy and a girl, with tiny hands and feet, with yellow hair, curling—bah! the smile is musty—like the young tendrils of the vine. They were as restless as quicksilver, and as merry as grigs (whatever a "grig" may be), and as pretty as angels; and their handsome mother could not refrain from patting their heads and smiling at them the whole way down. She was so glad they were her children, and they were so glad that they were born. In the Palace again the scribe irrevocably lost his heart in contemplating two little maidens (they were in deep black, the pretty creatures), with round hats and little tight-fitting gaiters, whose papa had popped them up on the border of the box of an orange-tree to rest for a while. There they sat with the green leaves above them—the most charming fruit that orange tree had ever borne. The scribe fell in love with them both on the spot. He knows that it is wrong to love two young ladies at once, but then one was only six and the other could not have been more than eight, at the outside.

For the amusement of the young folks there was a brave round-about composed of alternate cars and horses, in the regular traditional Greenwich Fair pattern. There was a "Royal Punch and Judy Show," which was not quite extensive enough to warrant its "Royal" appellation, being, indeed, no other than a counterpart of the out-door Punch and Judy generally to be found at the corner of Wellington Street, Strand, with a nice suit of green baise, and the Royal arms in front. There was a Christmas tree, with prizes to be shot for; but of all the amusements the roundabout was most popular, and was in constant demand throughout the day.

It had been advertised that Sir Roger de Coverley would be danced by one thousand couples; but it was found that, owing to the pressure on Monday, to organise anything like a systematic dance was simply impossible. An attempt was made to get through the "Mistletoe Dance," which degenerated into an obstreperous game at "Kiss in the Ring"—the last persons kissed being a body of policemen who had unconsciously stationed themselves immediately under the mistletoe, and on whom a most laughable irruption was made by a bevy of free and easy daisies.

The amusements were over at four o'clock; and after due attention had been paid to the refreshment counters, the fifteen thousand holiday-makers returned to town in the best manner they could. We had to wait ourselves two hours and a half for a train; but we did not grumble, for it gave us the opportunity of testifying to the excellent behaviour and almost uninterrupted good temper of the enormous mass pent up within the barriers of the waiting-rooms. The Christmas Revels at the Crystal Palace are the first step towards the revival of genuine, jovial, popular holidays; and though they may have been some shortcomings in the programme of last Monday's entertainment, we can but give a hearty welcome to the festival inaugurated with so much cheerfulness and hilarity.

CORPORAL BURGESS GRIERSON

ONE OF THE HEROES OF THE CASHMERE GATE.

It is in such deeds as the blowing open of the Cashmere Gate, accomplished at the assault upon Delhi, that we find redemption for the unholy motives in which war is sometimes conceived, and the sanguinary and vindictive spirit with which it is too often carried on. With more than admiration we contemplate the spectacle which that band of heroes presents, as it detaches itself from the columns of the main army, in the clear daylight, to open a passage for its advance through the gates of the besieged city, in the face of an enemy barbarous at all times, and now rendered desperate by despair.

From their dangerous mission it is but too certain these brave men will never return. They have entered the domain of death, and every step they take, as they bound fearlessly on, brings them only nearer the termination of their career. But they waver not nor hesitate. The army to which they belong watches their progress with an anxious eye.

At length they reach their destination, but while they seek to accomplish their perilous duty, one after another of their number is shot down; nevertheless, the powder is laid, the train is fired, and the bugle at last sounds for the advance; three times its clear notes are heard above the roar of the cannon and the wild confusion that prevails. Over the dead bodies of these fallen heroes the column rushes forward to the fight, and after a struggle too keen to last, the city of the Mogul is taken, and rebellion crushed at its source.

Lieutenant-Colonel Baird Smith, in his despatch to the Commander-in-Chief, thus describes the heroic conduct of the gallant band who cleared the way for the victorious advance of the besieging army:—

"The gallantry with which the explosion party, under Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, performed the desperate duty of the blowing in the Cashmere Gate in broad daylight, and in the face of the enemy, will, I feel assured, be held to justify me in making special mention of it. The party was composed, in addition to the two officers named, of the following:—Sergeants John Smith, A. B. Carmichael; Corporal F. Burgess, *alias* Joshua Burgess Grierson, of the Sappers and Miners; Bugler Hawthorne, her Majesty's 52nd; fourteen Native Sappers and Miners; ten ditto Punjab Sappers and Miners. Covered by the fire of her Majesty's 60th Rifles, this party advanced at the double towards the Cashmere Gate. Lieutenant Home, with Sergeants John Smith and A. B. Carmichael, and Havildar Madhoo, and all of the Sappers, leading and carrying the powder bags, followed by Lieutenant Salkeld, Corporal Burgess, and a section of the remainder of the party. The advanced party reached the gateway unhurt, and found that part of the drawbridge had been destroyed; but passing across the precarious footing supplied by the remaining beams, they proceeded to lodge their powder against the gate. The wicket was open, and through it the enemy kept up a heavy fire upon them. Sergeant Carmichael was killed while laying his powder bag; Havildar Madhoo being at the same time wounded. The powder being laid, the advanced party slipped down into the ditch, to allow the firing party, under Lieutenant Salkeld, to perform its duty. While endeavouring to fire the charge Lieutenant Salkeld was shot through the leg and arm, and handed over the slow match to Corporal Burgess, who fell mortally wounded just as he had successfully performed his duty. Havildar Siluk Singh, of the Sappers and Miners, was wounded, and Ram Heth, sepoy, of the same corps, was killed during this part of the operation.

"The demolition having been most successful, Lieutenant Home, happily unscathed, caused the bugle to sound the regimental call of the 52nd Regiment, as the signal for the advance of the column. Fearing that amid the noise of the assault the sound might not be heard, he had the call repeated three times, when the troops advanced, and carried the gateway with entire success.

"I feel assured that a simple statement of the facts of this devoted and



CORPORAL BURGESS GRIERSON, ONE OF THE HEROES OF THE CASHMERE GATE.—(FROM A DAGUERRETYPE.)

glorious deed will suffice to stamp it as one of the noblest on record in military history. Its perfect success contributed most materially to the brilliant results of the day, and Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, with their gallant subordinates, European and native, will I doubt not receive the reward which valour before the enemy so distinguished as theirs has entitled them to. Lieutenant Home mentions with special approbation the cool courage of Sergeant John Smith, and while sincerely regretting their loss, he states that the gallantry shown by Sergeant Carmichael and Corporal Burgess could not have been surpassed. Bugler Hawthorne's conduct has also been particularly commended. This brave man, after performing his own dangerous duty, humanely attached himself to Lieutenant Salkeld, bound up his wounds under a heavy musketry fire, and ultimately had him removed without further injury; and I beg to commend him most cordially to the favourable notice of the Major-General."

The glory of the deed is shared equally by all engaged in it, and we wish that we could present our readers with portraits of the whole of the members of this band of heroes, instead of merely that of the young corporal who

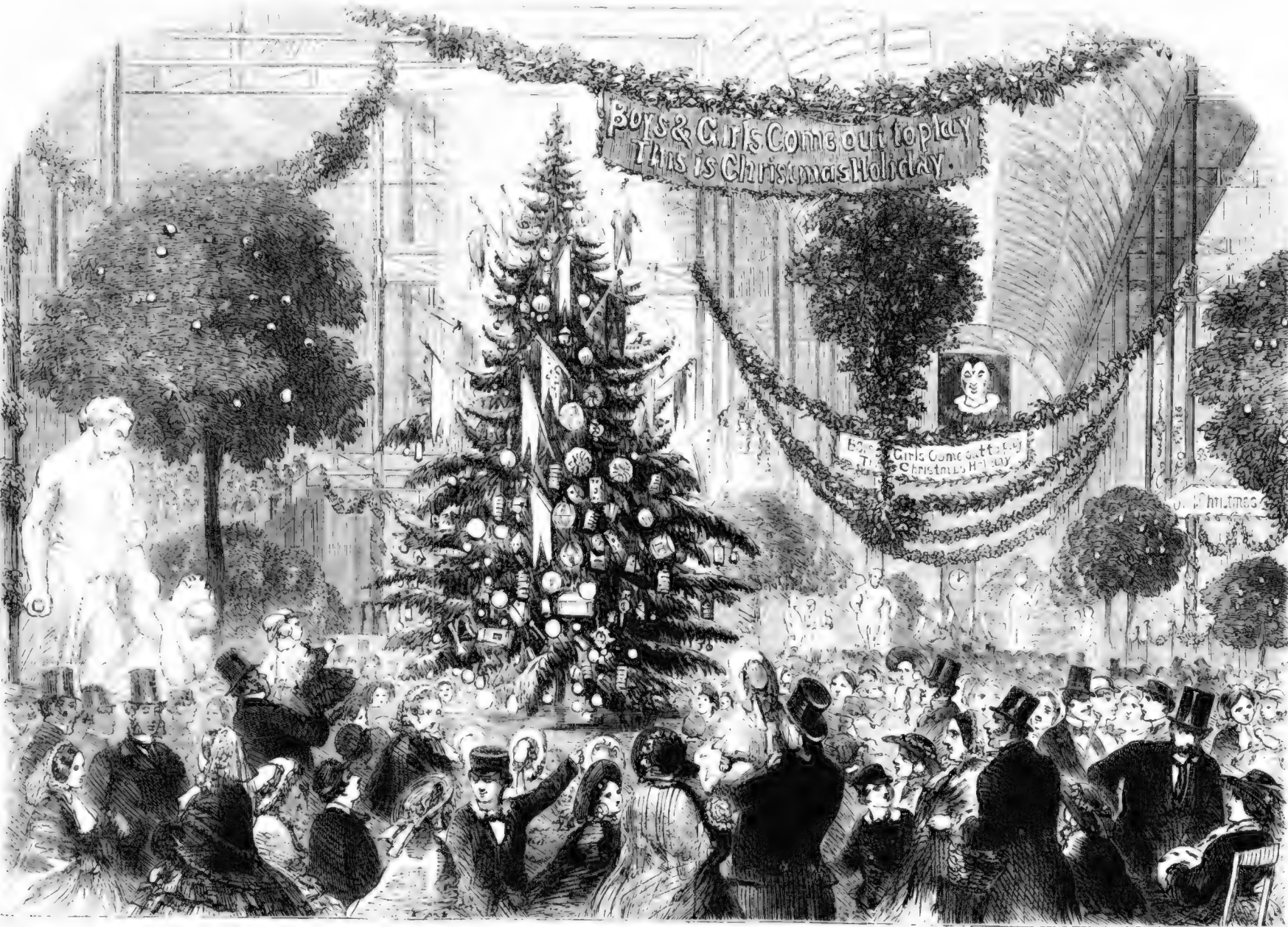
brought to a successful conclusion the perilous enterprise which forms the crowning glory of a siege destined long to live in the annals of war.

Joshua Burgess Grierson, or Francis Burgess, as he chose to call himself on entering the military service, was a native of Berwick-on-Tweed, removed with his father to Edinburgh in 1841, and completed his education under the late Dr. Gunn, at the High School there. He was afterwards in the employment of the North British Railway Company, where his address and abilities soon procured him preferment; but his inclinations led him to seek for distinction in a more hazardous sphere. These inclinations, however, he kept secret to himself; and it was not without regret that his family learnt that he had enlisted as a common soldier in the service of the East India Company. The army as it stands at present, both at home or abroad, does not present such attractions for the great body of the people as to render it desirable that a young man with the education which Joshua Grierson possessed should leave his father's roof to seek for fortune or fame in the ranks.

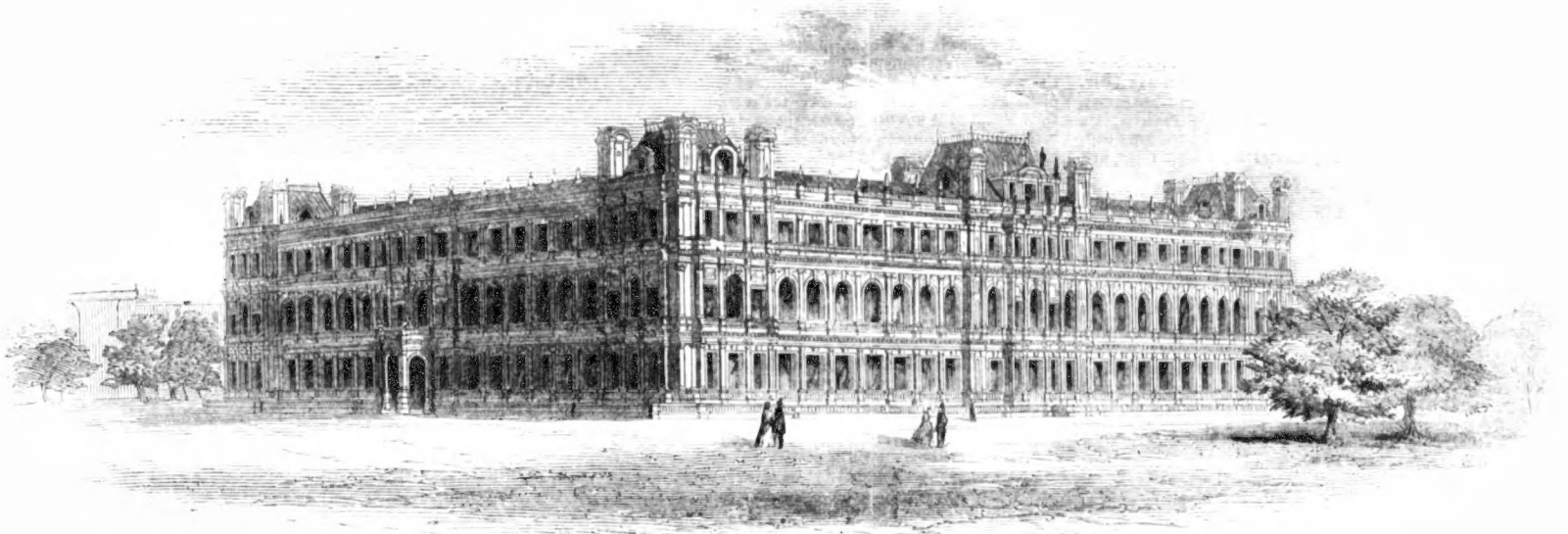
It was in the month of November, 1854, that he enlisted into the Sapper corps of the H.E.I.C. After spending a few months in the military school at Chatham, he embarked with a small party for India on July 25, 1855, on board the ship *Minden*. He landed at Calcutta on the 7th of December last, and almost immediately proceeded to the Thomason College at Roorkee, for the purpose of completing his engineering studies, prior to being actively employed. He had been at Roorkee only a very short time when the rebellion broke out, and on the 12th of May his company was ordered to Meerut to quell the mutiny which had first shown symptoms there. The captain who commanded was shot a few days after their arrival in the city; and after a stay of ten days, during which Grierson witnessed many scenes of tumult and bloodshed, the column, reinforced by her Majesty's 6th Dragoons, moved on to Delhi. On the 8th of June they joined the force under Sir H. Barnard, and several encounters took place with the enemy on the road. On the 9th of June they had reached Delhi, and Grierson had not been long there before he fell sick. As he lay ill in hospital he addressed a letter to his father, characterised by the most becoming sentiments of patience under his sickness, and at the same time devotion to his country's cause. He longed to join his comrades in the camp and take an active part in the operations which were then going on, and his wishes were soon to be realised. Undoubtedly he embraced the opportunity which the demolition of the Cashmere Gate presented of speedily attaining the object upon which he had fixed his mind. How he distinguished himself on that occasion we have already seen. Short as was his career, he had reached the climax of his profession. For a few months only he had been actively engaged, and yet he was emphatically an old soldier. He had seen war under its most terrible aspects, and had become familiar with death in its most appalling forms. Had he returned safe from the duty he undertook, promotion would have been his reward, and never would the recommendations of superior officers have better deserved effect; but he did not return, although he survived until, with his companions, he had cleared the path which led to victory. Whether any acknowledgment will be made by the Government to the relatives he leaves behind, has to be seen; but up to this date his father has received no official intimation of any kind of his son's death.

The heroes of the Cashmere Gate will live long in the memories of their countrymen; and when the rebellion is crushed and has become a matter of history, men will linger with pride over the details of the heroic acts which distinguished this unhappy revolt, and no deed of bravery will appear more illustrious than the demolition of the Cashmere Gate, with which the name of Joshua Grierson is henceforth to be for ever associated.

Grierson at the time of his death was only twenty-two years of age, and had scarcely been three years in the service altogether. He was about the middle height, of fair complexion, of a cheerful temper, and was a favourite both with his comrades in the army and his companions at home.



THE CHRISTMAS REVEL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE



DESIGN FOR THE FOREIGN OFFICE.—(BANKS AND FARNY, ARCHITECTS.)—PREMIUM, £50.



DESIGN FOR THE WAR OFFICE.—(W. G. AND E. HABERSHON, ARCHITECTS.)—PREMIUM, £100.



FASHIONS—WALKING AND EVENING DRESSES.

THE PROPOSED NEW PUBLIC OFFICES.

WE this week publish two more of the designs for Government offices, to which premiums were awarded at the recent architectural competition. Messrs. Banks and Barry's design for the Foreign Office consists of a quadrangle with a screen of five arches and coupled columns. According to the architect's report, one-sixth of the gross area of the buildings is required for internal courts, the rooms being distributed round these courts. The style of the building is Italian. The design exhibits superimposed pilasters, clustered in the centre of the front, arch-headed windows with dressings, festoons, a balustrade and vases, masses with high roofs, and chimneys at the angles of the building.

Messrs. Habershon's design is in the French palatial or modified Italian style. At the angles are pavilions with curved roofs, the centres being formed of massive towers crowned with domes. The rooms are ranged for the most part round two oblong courts, surrounded by corridors ten feet wide.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

So mild a Christmas-day as that just past, has seldom been known. The almanac informed us it was December, but the thermometer denoted spring. The ladies know not what style of costume to adopt. Autumnal dresses are *passés*, and winter dresses are too sombre and heavy for the bright sky and genial temperature. On the drives and promenades of Paris nothing is seen but dresses light coloured, silk cloaks of every brilliant hue, and bonnets of crape and other light materials.

A beautiful dress worn a few days ago by a lady in the Bois de Boulogne, excited general notice. The robe, which was of imperial blue satin, had a double skirt, with side trimmings of black lace, disposed in an extremely tasteful style. The bonnet was of white terry velvet, with no other ornament than a white ostrich feather, knotted and twisted spirally. A magnificent shawl of Indian Cashmere, and an ermine muff, completed this elegant costume.

For trimmings are extremely fashionable for cloaks and par-dessus of velvet. Many velvet cloaks are trimmed with broad bands of sable, like that shown in one of the figures or our illustrations of fashion. Sable ermine and grebe are the favourite trimmings.

The wreaths and cordons of flowers prepared for ball dresses this season are remarkable for variety and beauty. Flowers are frequently intermingled with branches of coral and with pearls. Ribbon, disposed in a variety of tasteful styles, is also profusely employed in trimming ball dresses.

Evening dresses are frequently trimmed with bows of crape or velvet. We have seen a dress of mauve-coloured crape having three jupes; the two upper ones gathered up in festoons, by bows of very bright green velvet, with a gold star in the centre of each. One of these bows was placed in front of the corsage; and the sleeves, which were demi-long, were gathered up in front of the arm by similar ornaments.

The fashionable colours of the season were emerald green, imperial blue, bouton-d'or, mauve or mallow colour, and cerise.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The lady with the muff wears a dress of violet-coloured silk, with two skirts, each trimmed with twelve rows of narrow violet-coloured velvet. The cloak is of black velvet, trimmed with broad bands of Canada sable. Muff of the same fur. Bonnet of white terry velvet, with a small tuft of feathers on one side. Under trimming of acorns and cerise-coloured azalia. Collar and sleeves of worked muslin.

The lady whose head is turned round, as if speaking to her companion, wears a silk dress of the beautiful hue of the Bengal rose. The dress has a double skirt, and at each side there is a quille extending over both skirts, from the waist to the lower edge. The lower skirt is trimmed with a fall of broad black lace, and the upper skirt has a fall of lace of the same pattern, but of narrower width, and headed by ornaments made of black velvet. The corsage is high, and has transverse rows of velvet in front. It has a basque, trimmed, like the upper skirt, with black lace, headed by ornaments of black velvet. The quilles at each side of the dress have the same black velvet ornaments. The head-dress consists of lappets of black lace, and at each side bouquets of pink and white azalia. Collar and under sleeves of Brussels lace.

The figure in whose hand is a small flagree basket has a robe of white tulle with four flounces. At each side of the front breadth the flounces are gathered up in festoons, fastened by bows made of blue ribbon and white lace. A mantilla of white lace is loosely thrown over the shoulders. At the back of the head a net of blue chenille, with bouquets of forget-me-not.

The fourth figure shows a dress of pink silk with four flounces, each trimmed with rows of ribbon disposed in pyramidal groups, and on the rows of ribbon are small roses made of chenille. The small cloak, or *sorlette* de bal, is made of bands of white and cerise-coloured silk, shaped like gorges. On the bands of white silk there are chevrons of cerise-coloured passementerie. The hood has five points, to each of which a tassel is attached. Head-dress of cerise-coloured chenille and pearls.

THE GOSSIPS OF PARIS insist that the secret of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's departure from Constantinople is to be found in his luxurious and prodigal habits.

AT SAN FRANCISCO some convicts were unloading a wood barge, when it drifted away. The guard, thinking they were endeavouring to escape, fired a charge of grape at the men, killing three.

LETTERS FROM TEHRAN state that the British Minister to the Court of Persia had declined acknowledging the son of the Shah as heir to the throne. The reason assigned is, that the young Prince was appointed heir at the suggestion of the Russian Government.

SUICIDES have been very frequent in the French army for some time past. The Minister of War has sent letters of thanks to several colonels of regiments for having published orders of the day stigmatising such acts of cowardice.

DISCOUNT ON COMMERCIAL BILLS is now reduced to 5 per cent. by the Bank of France.

LAW AND CRIME.

Two causes, tried during last week, exposed in a striking manner the deficiency of the present system of trial by jury. One was founded upon the disagreement between Mr. and Mrs. Evans, a subject of which the unpleasant details have already been three times brought before the public, through the medium of judicial investigation. The first occasion was that of the trial of an action brought by Mr. Evans against a Mr. Robinson, one of the peculiar class of proceedings which the papers generally have been lately in the habit of informing their readers will be swept away by the new statute about to come into operation. (We may mention that the new act will by no means do away with such litigation, inasmuch as while it abolishes by one clause these actions under their present title, it provides by another for their continuance.) In the first of the three trials alluded to, Mr. Evans obtained a verdict. He then sued in the Ecclesiastical Court for a divorce, and this the Judge of that court refused, thereby virtually negating the evidence upon which the plaintiff had formerly succeeded. Lastly, a prosecution was instituted against Robinson for perjury on the trial of the divorce case. By a beautiful legal anomaly, the evidence of Robinson, which could not be given upon the first trial, was received and influenced the decision upon the second. Upon the third, as he was the "prisoner," it could not be received again; so that the prosecutor had in turn his advantage. The judge, Lord Campbell, summed up on the perjury question, and dismissed the jury to deliberate. The jury could not make, according to the common phrase, "head or tail" of the questions for consideration, and requested to be allowed to have the indictment. His Lordship said "they could have the indictment if they wished; but he thought they had better not perplex themselves with it. It had perplexed him, and he had no doubt it would perplex them a great deal more." The jury consulted, and the result of their deliberations was an equal division of opinions, in fact, "six of one and half-a-dozen of the other." So Lord Campbell, considering their agreement hopeless, discharged them altogether, intimating that he hoped the next jury in the cause would be unanimous. The disagreeable facts of this peculiarly unpleasant case may be expected, therefore, again to nauseate the readers of those journals which delight to publish the particulars of such cases, with such minuteness as to raise a question, not of delicacy, but of decency.

Another case was tried before Mr. Justice Erle. A Bill of Exchange had been drawn by the defendant, at the request and on the acceptance of one Hindmarsh, formerly a collector in the service of the plaintiffs, for part of a deficiency in his accounts. The defendants pleaded that the bill had been given to compound a felony—to wit, the embezzlement of moneys of the plaintiffs by Hindmarsh, and that in consideration of such bill the plaintiffs had forgone to prosecute the acceptor. This would have been a valid plea, had it not been clearly shown in evidence that the defalcation by Hindmarsh had been treated as a debt from the first, and that no threat of criminal proceedings had been made. Hereupon the plaintiff was clearly entitled to his verdict. The judge summed up, and the jury retired. Eleven of them were of one opinion, the twelfth was in opposition. He resisted discussion, by declaring that he "would not be talked to," and threatened to keep his fellow-jurymen all night. Under these circumstances the judge advised a compromise, and at length it was arranged that defendant should pay £30 (the amount of the bill, without costs). The costs of the plaintiff can scarcely be less than £50. Under no circumstances, therefore, can justice have been done, inasmuch as whichever party was right ought to have had his costs. Both parties must lose by the arrangement. Such is the result of a system which enables any obstinate, opinionated man, chosen at random among a dozen persons of a by no means over-educated class, to obstruct the operation of the laws of England, and to divert the course of reason and justice.

The trial of the "Royal British Bank" directors is fixed to commence on the first day of the London sittings after Hilary Term next. This will be about the middle of February. The probability of a conviction is considered exceedingly questionable. It is anticipated, in legal circles, that the result will not be by any means satisfactory to the popular mind.

An attorney of the Insolvent Court was accused of having obtained illegally money from a client whom he had assisted to take the benefit of the Insolvent Act. The facts were laid before the Chief Commissioner, and upon the evidence, the Commissioner said that a sum of £7 had been improperly obtained, and he ordered that neither the attorney nor his clerk should be, in future, allowed to transact business in that court. This official recognition of attorneys' "clerks" is one of the worst features of the system of business at this court. The superior courts act upon no such recognition. With them an attorney is liable for malpractice, whether by himself or his clerk with his authority. If the clerk have no such authority, why punish the attorney? But the Insolvent Court must know that the "clerks," whom it thus recognises, are in most instances dishonest profligates, with a smattering of law, who pay to be allowed to use the names of certificated practitioners. To punish such men as "clerks" is absurd. In the offices of the court you will see notices to the effect, that Mr. A., clerk to Mr. B., having misbehaved himself (by some act or other of petty villainy), is not to be allowed to transact business in the place. Every official knows that Mr. A. practices only in the name of B., who is never seen, that B. sanctions all A.'s acts by retaining him as his clerk, as he would do in spite of a million such notices; for the reason that A., instead of receiving a salary from his employer, pays to be allowed to retain the situation. All the effect of such a notice is, that afterwards A. obtains the services of C., also a "clerk" to B., to take papers to the office, and the system of defrauding dishonest debtors, while instructing them how to cheat honest creditors, goes on openly under the very noses and spectacles of the Commissioners.

Mr. James A. Harman insured his house for £300 in March last. On the 19th of December, at half-past twelve o'clock, he was seen by a policeman leaving a public-house. He entered into conversation with the constable, and said that his (Mr. Harman's) house had been robbed of about sixty pounds' worth of goods, besides jewellery. He returned to the tavern, and was next seen, by the same policeman, drunk, about half-past one o'clock, taking home a gallon can of beer. At three o'clock he was again seen, standing just opposite his house. The policeman, who then again met him, again spoke to him, and suddenly observed an appearance of fire within the house. In a few minutes the whole was in a blaze. A woman appeared at the second floor window, screaming for help, and on seeing Mr. Harman, shouted "You villain; you have been the cause of this; you have done it all, and you know it well!" Mr. Harman replied, "Get out at the top!" but as this happened to be impracticable, the woman and two other persons unhappily lost their lives in the fire. Subsequently Mr. Harman denied not only that he had been robbed, but that he had ever represented that he had been. He was given into custody upon the verdict of the Coroner on the bodies of the victims, and underwent an examination before Mr. Hammill, who described his conduct as "replete with suspicion," but discharged him upon the ground of insufficient evidence. The police report adds, that "several respectable persons warmly congratulated him on his release." Considering the observation of the magistrate, we think Mr. Harman might have been left to congratulate himself.

SHOCKING MURDER AT OVER-DARWEN.—John Marsden, deceased, was a powerloom weaver, of Over-Darwen, near Blackburn, and about forty-six years of age. Adam Bewick is a collier at the Sunny Bank Pit. These men were neighbours, and an angry feeling existed between them, owing to a dispute respecting some poultry. On Sunday evening Marsden had occasion to pass Bewick's house, when the latter rushed out armed with a poker, and felled him to the ground. Bewick then quietly walked back to his own house. Marsden was conveyed home, and a surgeon called in to attend him. The poor fellow, however, was in a dying state, and all efforts to restore him were unavailing. On Monday evening he expired. Bewick was already in custody. He appeared much dejected in spirit, and during the brief examination which followed his arrest, he fainted.

MURDER IN LIVERPOOL.—Humphrey Blinkhorne, a carter, quarrelled with some man in a public-house in Bake Street, Liverpool, and the latter was ejected into the street. Immediately after, Blinkhorne followed him declaring his intention to thrash him. Soon afterwards he came back, and meeting at the door a poor consumptive man, named Leonard (who had taken no part in the quarrel), Blinkhorne knocked him down, kicked him under the chin, and finally jumped upon him. Some persons then interfered, and took the unfortunate man Leonard from under Blinkhorne's feet, a corpse. Blinkhorne fled into a neighbouring cellar, whither he was soon afterwards followed and taken into custody.

THE CONVICT BEALE.—The execution of Beale, for the murder in Leigh Woods, has been fixed for Tuesday, the 12th of January. He admits his guilt, but avers that the murder was perpetrated much later than was supposed, and that Mr. Lucas, the surgeon, was nearly correct in his opinion that Charlotte Pugsley had not been dead much more than twenty-four hours when he saw her early on Saturday morning, the 12th of September. Beale says that the murder was completed with a razor, which he afterwards threw away in the wood.

THE WATERLOO BRIDGE MURDER.—A deserter from the 66th Regiment, named Thomas Pedlar, was taken back to the camp at Colchester, on Saturday evening, and whilst in the guard-room attempted to strangle himself. He afterwards dropped some hints about having committed some crime which he cared more about than desertion; and at last said he, with two others, murdered a man in London, and after he had been cut up and put into a carpet-bag a woman took it away and threw it over Waterloo Bridge. The murdered man was not a foreigner, but a farmer, and had £60 about him. Pedlar died that he did not commit the murder, but was in the house at the time, and had part of the money. When brought before the police, however, he contradicted himself, and said he knew no more about the murder than he had read in the papers. He is described as a poor idiotic-looking fellow, and the Mayor (who is a physician) expressed his belief that the man's mind was deranged. No reliance could be placed on his statement as to the murder, and he was handed back to the military authorities.

DESPERATE BURGLARS.—A Mr. Beck, farm-bailiff of King's Norton, near Birmingham, was roused on Thursday week by the door being burst in. Rushing to the window, he saw a man in the road, who flung a large stone through the window at him, but luckily missed his mark. Alarmed, Mr. Beck awakened his brother Thomas (a man sixty-five years of age), and then leaping through a back window, ran off for assistance. Meanwhile, Thomas Beck, seizing an iron "bed rod" in each hand, went to the head of the stairs, where he saw two men in short knock-knives, about to enter. He at once attacked the robbers with the rods. A pistol was fired at him—a second, third, and fourth discharge followed, at short intervals; but, sheltered by an angle of the stairs, the old man escaped the slugs with which the pistols were loaded, and finally forced the burglars to retreat. All the while this was going on, the man in the road was keeping up a discharge of stones through the windows—nearly a hundred were found on the floor of Mr. Beck's bedroom. Two minutes too late—i. e., two minutes after the burglars had quitted the house—assistance arrived. A pistol was picked up near the cottage-door, and some slugs (pieces of sheet lead cut up) were found in the wainscot where the affray took place.

EXTRAORDINARY MURDER BY POISONING.

THE Winter Circuit Court was opened at Glasgow on Monday week. There was a considerable number of cases of an aggravated character, but that which excited the greatest interest was the charge of murder in one case, and of attempted murder in another, against John Thomson, alias Peter Walker, a journeyman tailor. This case commenced before the Lord Justice-Clerk on Tuesday morning, and was brought to a close on Thursday evening, when the prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged.

From the evidence, it appeared that in the end of June last, James Watson, a tailor, of Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, engaged the prisoner to work for him. He gave him the name of James Thomson, and it was not then known that his real name was Peter Walker, that he had been transported for robbery, and that he had changed his name on his return. Agnes Montgomery (aged twenty-seven) was the sister of Watson's wife, and the prisoner got acquainted with her, and she alleged offered herself as a sweetheart. The girl, however, does not appear to have given him any encouragement, but suspecting that he was not honest, warned other people against him. She was an industrious young woman, and in addition to her earnings as a reeler in a mill, she received an allowance from her brother, who was at sea.

On Sunday, the 13th of September, the girl Montgomery was in perfect health, and was at church in the afternoon. She returned about four o'clock, and about an hour afterwards the prisoner left his master's house, along with the latter's daughter, a child about three years old. Agnes Montgomery had kindled her fire, and had afterwards gone out. David Clarkson, a neighbour, whose rooms were on the same floor with the girl's, thus relates her return:—"I saw her coming back about ten minutes before five, along with the prisoner and a little girl. Shortly after, I heard a great rumble or a 'desperate throb' upon the floor. I thought the prisoner had thrown her down on the floor. About four or five minutes after, I saw the prisoner and the little girl come out, and I heard the key turn in the lock as he locked it. He went down stairs, and returned in about half a minute, and had his head down against the door and listened. He listened about a second or two, and went down the stair again. I went down behind him with the group to the well. He was in the garden. I returned in about two minutes, and when I got into my house heard a moaning. Other people heard it, and came up and got my key, which opened Agnes's door, for her's was missing, and went in. She was in a bad way; her eyes were stelled (fixed) in her head. She could not stir, and soon died."

Mrs. McDonald, one of the neighbours, an intelligent woman, corroborated some portion of this evidence; she said, "I don't think she knew one of us from the time we got her till she died. She was insensible. She died about six o'clock—three-quarters of an hour after we got her. When we went into the room, I found a kind of smell, and wondered what she had been taking. It was a kind of sickening smell. I felt it off Aggie (the deceased) the moment I came forward. I can't describe the smell. I know the smell of almonds, but can't say it was altogether like that. On the 5th of November I saw Hunter, the superintendent of police, and others, and saw something out by them in beer. I smelt the beer, and after some of it was poured on the floor, I recognised it as the same smell I found about Agnes Montgomery when she was dying." This was prussic acid mixed with beer, from the same barrel from which a bottle had been supplied to the deceased on the day of her death, and some of which was found in a tumbler when the prisoner left the house and the neighbours entered it.

The prisoner was sent by this witness for a doctor, and it was shown that he passed through a back green behind the house; and returning the same way, was seen to stoop for a moment or two at the root of a tree. After suspicion arose, the spot was examined, and the key which belonged to the deceased's door was found, which had been missing since her death. It was also noticed that fragments of glass, apparently of a phial, were lying on the road along which the prisoner had passed, although none had been seen by people who went that road immediately before.

The prisoner's shopman proved that a good deal of conversation took place about the time of Miss Smith's trial regarding the rapid effects of prussic acid, which they said was sometimes used for photographic purposes. The carrier's boy proved that he took a note from the prisoner to Hart's (a druggist in Glasgow), from whom he got a phial. He could not read, but another boy read the note on the way, and said it was for prussic acid. The prisoner told the carrier's boy that he wanted the stuff to dye his hair, but if he was asked by the druggist he was to say the article was wanted by a photographer. The druggist's shopman proved that prussic acid was applied to the carrier's assistant on the 12th of September, and the latter said he gave it to the prisoner on the morning of the 13th, the day of Agnes Montgomery's death. One of the witnesses, who lived below the room of deceased, heard, about five o'clock on that day, a fall, and then a drawing along the floor. Shortly after this some persons were heard to leave the room, and go down the stairs. It was supposed that at this time the prisoner had lifted the girl up, drawn her along, and then placed her on the chair where she was found.

The prisoner, in his declaration, denied that he had seen the deceased on the afternoon of the Sunday in question. He left Eaglesham on the 25th of September, in consequence of some suspicion attaching to him regarding a letter containing £1, which was missing. Up till this time no suspicion existed as to a murder having taken place; but in a day or two afterwards Mrs. Watson, the sister of the deceased, had her attention excited by some prattle of her little daughter, who had accompanied the prisoner to Agnes Montgomery's house on the afternoon of her death. The consequence was that the body was exhumed on the 30th of September, seventeen days after death. The stomach and other parts were removed by Dr. McKindlay, of Paisley, and his son, who distinctly found prussic acid. Other portions of the stomach, &c., were sent to Dr. Douglas MacLagan, of Edinburgh, who analysed them, and also found prussic acid. These and other medical men were examined at great length, and had no doubt death was the result of prussic acid.

Meanwhile the prisoner had come to the house of a Mr. and Mrs. Mason in Glasgow, where he lodged a night or two. It was proved that on the night of the 25th of September he went into Mason's room: he was in bed. A pint bottle of whisky was produced by him, of which both Mr. and Mrs. Mason took a little from a glass. They were both ill, the wife dangerously so, and she continued to suffer severely for some days. All the while the prisoner was on the best terms with the Masons. The contents of this pint bottle were afterwards analysed, and found to contain whisky mixed with prussic acid. It was also proved that the carrier's boy got a second supply of prussic acid at Hart's, the druggist's, on the 24th of September, the day before the prisoner left Eaglesham for Glasgow.

Such are the principal points in this extraordinary case, the evidence in which was supported by many minor details. It was scarcely possible to say whether the poisoning was prompted by revenge, by the desire of plunder (for only 2d. was found in Agnes Montgomery's house, but there should have been much more), or by the love of the thing, as developed in the case of the celebrated Marchioness Brinvilliers. At all events, the suspicion became so strong that the prisoner was at length apprehended on the charge.

After the case for the Crown had closed, Mr. Herriot addressed the jury for the prisoner in an able speech.

The Lord Justice-Clerk, in charging the jury, said it happened unfortunately, that the occurrence of a case involving the use of a poison which attracted great notice, and became the object of much speculation, was often followed by the commission of the same offence on the part of others. There was a strange morbid delusion created by the discussion of such cases. It arose from a kind of strange desire to possess that command over human life which the knowledge of such poison produced, and which sometimes led, without one being able to detect the object, to the commission of similar crimes. His Lordship then entered upon the evidence. "The points on which you have now to decide (said his Lordship) are—Was the girl perfectly well up to the moment that the panel met with her that day? Did she destroy herself? If prussic acid is clearly proved, did she take it or did somebody give it to her? It is for you to consider whether there might not be some strange element in her character which might suddenly impel her to self-destruction. Then, to come to a point of the greatest importance. Who had the opportunity and means of administering the poison? Now, the only person who had it was the prisoner, and it was he also who was last with the girl, and who had the opportunity of giving it to her. With the rapid effects of it she could not have taken it before he went in, because she would have been insensible, unconscious, and powerless before that time. The prisoner denies that he brought the poison. That, of course, is fruitless now, and was not denied by his counsel. For what purpose was it brought? Where is the phial? What became of it? On the 23rd he sends for more—a strong proof that he had used the first. No doubt it is said, What could be the motive for the crime charged? Neither you nor I can penetrate into the human heart, and we all know that many most improbable crimes are nevertheless proved to demonstration. It is most extraordinary, no doubt, that this man, having got a second quantity of prussic acid, should be tampering with the health and life of other people by administering it to the Masons—for that there was poison in that pint bottle cannot well be disputed—and the effects on the Masons were indubitably the results of prussic acid. We cannot well state the purpose he had in view. It may have been just the result of that strange morbid feeling of possessing a power over the life of others which has been known to influence many people convicted of poisoning."

The jury then retired, returning in twenty minutes, with a verdict unanimously finding the prisoner guilty of Murder; and the Judge sentenced him to be hanged on Thursday, the 14th day of January, between the hours of eight and ten, at Paisley.

We understand that Thomson has since confessed his guilt. He says that his motive for committing the crime was to obtain possession of the small sum of money which he suspected his victim was possessed of, and that it was only on seeing the poor girl fall upon the floor, after having partaken of the poisoned beer that he was struck with a sense of the fearful position in which he had placed himself.

A GERMAN, NAMED STYLES, has been convicted of setting fire to some out-buildings belonging to the Railway Tavern, Wadhurst, Sussex.

[ESTABLISHED 1841.]
MEDICAL INVALID AND GENERAL LIFE

